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Continental Edition

CONDÉ NAST, *Publisher*

Late March
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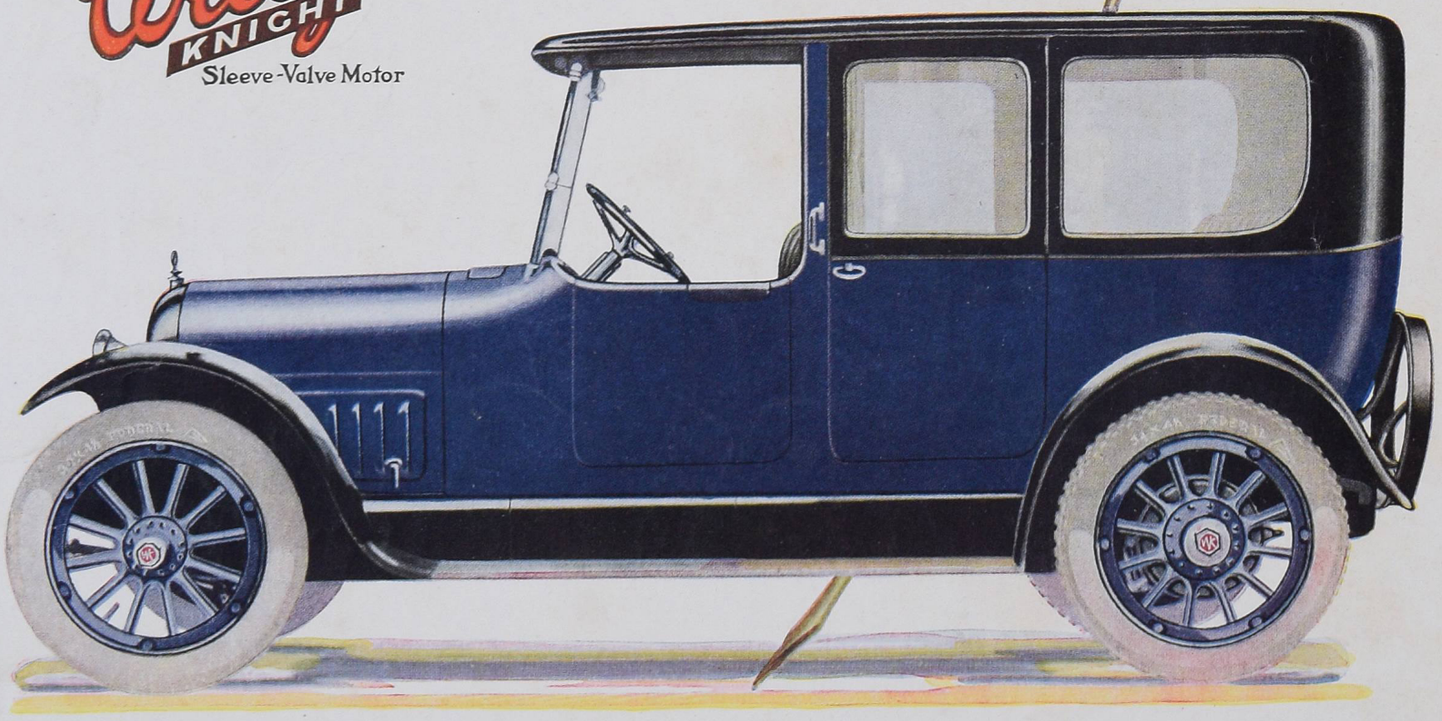

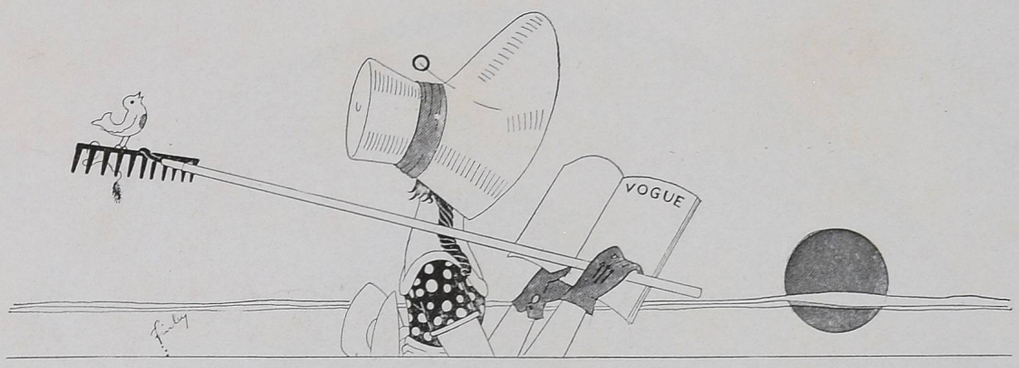

This Is

THE LATE MARCH NUMBER OF VOGUE

IN this issue, Vogue has looked very carefully into the matter of textiles, with excellent results that are going to mean a great deal to you. It wasn't so long ago that women wore whatever material they chose, and men wore what was left. But now it's quite the reverse. Women are meekly wearing what men don't want, only, because of the ingenuity or the chivalry or some other pleasant characteristic of the makers and designers, these materials are more delightful than ever. Vogue tells you all about them—which of them are most practical and fashionable and charming and just how to make them up.

Patriotic Fabrics

The article is the first in the magazine, if you turn to it now, you will see that there are illustrated, on the first page of the article, quantities of sheer and silken fabrics, patterned with all sorts of interesting designs. And these textiles, lovely as they are, are merely those that the men do not need to protect them from the cold and wet, for some are silk, many more organdie, and others are crêpe, chiffon, and even—yes, it's true—calico. Because calico, all printed with amusing designs, is certainly not without honour, in this or any other country. Aside from the fact that these fabrics are all on the conservation list, and therefore desirable, they are a triumph inasmuch as they have proved that we are not dependent upon German dyestuff for beautiful and trustworthy colours.

The fashions that Paris has sent us for this issue are a bit more varied than they have been for some time,—there are more soft clinging gowns and fewer practical street clothes. There is also a page devoted to those little overblouses which the Parisienne slips on right over her tailored skirt and blouse, thus obviating the necessity of changing her costume, and, at the same time, warding off the cold which is so apt to lurk, even in fastidious Paris houses.

On page 62, are four suits which Vogue has had designed for itself, and these suits, as you will notice, use as little material as they possibly can, and the material that they do use is silk, so that one may wear them with simplicity, besides a great deal of smartness.

Just for the Sake of Beauty

Beginning on page 66 are some photographs that we have tucked into this issue just because of the beauty of them. They are the sort that make you visualize all the lovely bits of nature you have seen, recall exquisite sounds you have heard, and dream a little over all sorts of charming fragments of thought. They are photographs of the garden of Carl Milles, at Lidingo, Sweden.

VOL. 51. NO. 5

WHOLE NO. 1090

Cover Design by Alice de Warenne Little

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VOGUE is published on the 5th and 20th of every month, by Condé Nast & Company, Ltd. Directors, Condé Nast, American, W. L. Wood, British.

Manuscripts, Drawings, and Photographs submitted must be accompanied by stamps for return if unsuitable. Unsolicited contributions will be carefully considered, but the Editors can take no responsibility for loss or damage in transmission.

The Subscription Rate to Vogue, including postage for Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, is 45 francs per annum, payable in advance. Subscriptions should be sent to

PARIS OFFICE
2 Rue Edouard VII

Telephone: Louvre { 29-26 / 09-01

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Charlotte Fairchild

MRS. LEONARD M. THOMAS

Mrs. Leonard Thomas, before her marriage, was Miss Blanche M. Oelrichs; she is the daughter of Mr. Charles May Oelrichs, and a niece of the late Herman Oelrichs. A volume of her poetry, brought out under the pen-name of Michael Strange, and the verses she has published in periodicals, have given her an enviable literary position. She is at present a very active member of the patriotic committee whose object it is to erect at Senlis, the spot where the German army was finally turned back in its advance on Paris, a fitting memorial—Jo Davidson's heroic statue, formerly known as "France Aroused," and lately re-christened "The Call to Arms"

The cotton frocks of summer will not be denied the privilege of showing their patriotic feelings; many a crêpe or voile is printed in soft red, white, and blue

PATRIOTIC FABRICS TO CHARM THE NEW MODE

Fashions Are Based on the Exigencies of War; Women Wear Silks and Sheer Things and Leave the Sterner Stuffs to Men; and the Material Determines the Silhouette

NOT within the memory of any one who reads this article, if ever at any time before, have dress fabrics been so interesting as they are to-day. The bits of silk or organdie or calico—yes, calico, for this is the very latest word on tub frocks—which the dressmaker hangs upon neat hooks in her salon, and the bolts of stuffs which the shopkeepers pile upon their counters are all closely associated with the great business which is occupying this country and our Allies. Without the war, indeed, the fabrics now in fashion would probably never have existed, and certainly they would never have appeared in just these colours and forms.

The looms of the world which have heretofore given so much of their time to the weaving of beautiful stuffs for women to wear, are many of them delegated to the sterner tasks of making uniform materials. Until now, the main business of weavers has been to dress woman; man was clothed in what was left. Now man, the warrior of the world, must be garmented in such a way as to resist cold and wet, and woman must be clothed in what he does not need. This means a revolution in the making of textiles, and from this revolution, as from other revolutions, there will undoubtedly result many benefits.

One would naturally suppose that this stern situation would reduce women to the wearing of the more sober and substantial materials and would make of her a figure in keeping with the seriousness of the times. But as a matter of fact, the loveliest of fashions seem destined to be the result. Since man needs wool to keep him warm and dry, woman is requested, in fact she is in eminent danger of being summarily ordered, to wear silk, and since all materials are at a premium, she is admonished to use as little of any of them as she is able. This means that the silhouette will be slender, and this, with the use of soft satins, silks, and sheer stuffs, gives a certain sinuousness which is charming.

Some months ago, the government took action in this matter of materials. It called the makers of textiles into conference. It took the magazines into its confidence and cabled Paris explaining the exigencies of the case. Now the cooperation of manufacturers, magazines, and the Paris dressmakers has established what might be called the "Patriotic Fashions of 1918"—fashions which are based, not upon a whim of womankind, a craze for dancing, or a successful play, but upon the necessities of war.

MADE IN AMERICA

Never in the history of dress has the material so markedly determined the silhouette. Textiles and line were at times so closely associated that it was difficult to say which was the governing influence, but as a rule it has been the line which controlled the material and made it fashionable. No designer to-day may use more than four and a half yards of wool in a suit or dress, and every designer is requested to use as little wool as possible. So skirts are obliged to be narrow and coats short; and combinations of materials are the vogue. It is predicted that there will be scarcely a spring garment of which silk does not form some part.

This fact, however, will work no hardship on women, for never have silks been lovelier than they are to-day. Since the beginning of the war, the most remarkable strides have been made by the silk manufacturers of America. Beautiful stuffs are coming in quantities from American looms, stuffs which are exquisite in quality and weave. And not a whit behind the weavers have been the dye-makers of this country. When war broke out, every worth-while piece of American silk, before it could be used, was being dipped in a German dye. And when importations of this dyestuff ceased, the result was practically a panic. Every one prophesied that in a short time women would be going about in the dreary

She is holding up printed chiffons for your approval and, between them, a blue and gold material to make your newest waistcoat

It would take an incredibly strong mind to resist the temptation of this Japanese crêpe and a black chiffon worked with silk

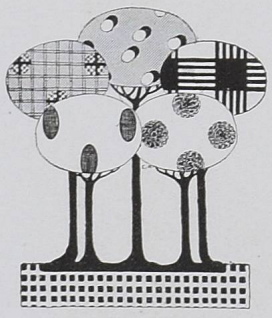
monotony of undyed materials. The direst results were predicted for any American who would dare set up a laboratory in competition with the German chemists. However, a number of venturesome citizens of this country did enter the hazardous field, and though the results of their experiments were at first discouraging in the extreme because no two pieces of material dyed in America were ever by any chance the same shade, the work has steadily improved until at the present moment American dye-makers can say without fear of contradiction, not that American dyes are on the eve of being the equal of German dyes, but that they now are the equal of German dyes. Their scope is not yet so great as that to which German dyes attained in the past, but American dyed stuffs, within their own field, are not only beautiful, but trustworthy, and they may be purchased without hesitancy, even by those who are habitually most exacting.

PATRIOTIC MATERIAL

The materials shown with this article are not all of American make, but some of the most attractive of them are. In the sketch at the top of page 35 are shown some of the new cottons in patriotic colourings. It is interesting to note the improvements in the manner in which the red, white, and blue of this country and of France and England are used. The first attempts to produce materials in which these tones were mingled were in many instances crude and not adapted for the clothes of discriminating women. But gradually the dyers learned the wisdom of using lavender or grey or powder blue instead of the blue of the flag and of substituting bright pink or cerise for the flag red. In this drawing are shown three charming summer stuffs, all of them printed in red, white, and blue. That at the left in the sketch is a cotton crêpe of an exquisitely fine quality. It is an imported material and costs $3.25 a yard. Next is shown a domestic material in which silk and cotton are woven together. This is plaided in blue and red. The colours, however, are soft, and it would make a really charming summer frock. It is 75 cents a yard. The remaining one of the three textiles is a white cotton voile with little blue and red outlines of squares; it sells for only 38 cents a yard and is very attractive.

Cotton voiles and crêpe promise to be among the most used of summer materials; the former are again represented in the sketch in the middle of this page. The very top tree in this drawing is made of a cotton voile in a soft warm tone of yellow with over-lapping spots of white and black; it costs 75 cents a yard. The tree at the left below is of white voile with odd oval spots of old-blue outlined in black. This is a very fine French fabric and costs $3.50 a yard. The tree at the left above is also of voile; it has a greyish surface with double crossbars of fine black lines as an all-over pattern and pink and white checked dots with strong black crosses in their centres scattered here and there. This unusual material may be had at 85 cents a yard.

She has draped some of the loveliest of the printed materials about her—first a taupe foulard, then a sheer crêpe of blue and white on her right arm, and a heavier silk one on her left

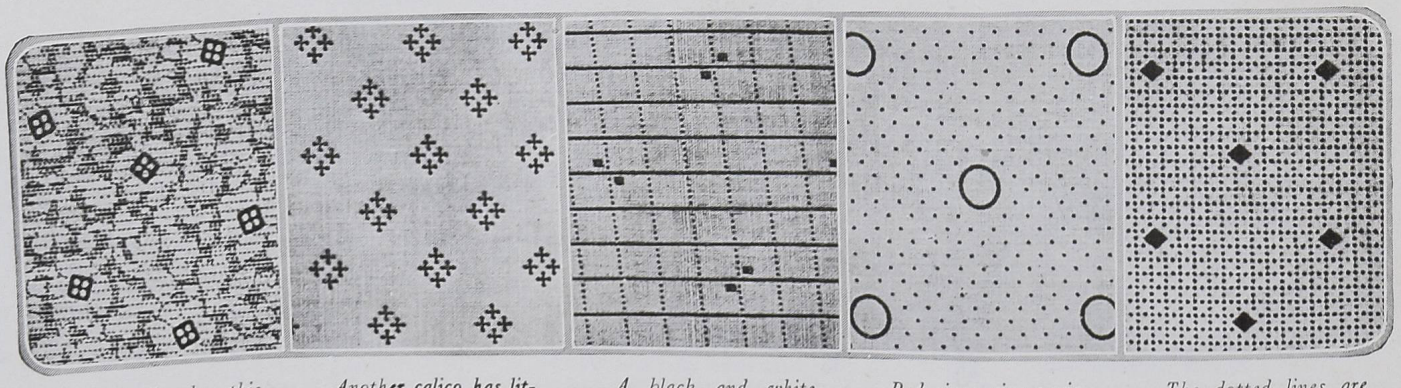


These five conventional trees represent five different kinds of silk or voile, and the ground they stand on is a sixth

The old-fashioned organdie is still as deservedly popular as ever, and one will see sheer organdie skirts over dainty petticoats. Ginghams seem to have carried some of their popularity over from last season, but the really new thing is the gown of calico. When one says this, one has spoken the latest word in war-time fashions. Only the very smartest houses have as yet taken up this super-simple material, but somehow one feels that it is destined for success, especially since a shortage of it is anticipated, as no one could have predicted the demand. Many will think of it as printed in dark colours and as being practical rather than pretty, but the calicoes which are attracting the attention of the designers at the present moment are quaint printed effects on light grounds. It is also rumoured that these calico frocks are to be given a further lightness by being combined with sheer fabrics such as organdie and net. The examples below are from a Fifth Avenue shop, and they sell at 25 cents a yard.

Fibre silks in various guises were for a time recommended to the patriotic woman, but it has of late come to light that many of the materials entering into the manufacture of these textiles are needed for the more serious business of making war,—and since then the appeal for their use has been based upon the ground of attractiveness. Contradictory reports as to the wearing qualities of silks of this kind are made; the truth of the matter seems to be that if adopted for general service, artificial silks of good quality are very satisfactory, but that it is not advisable to subject them to adverse weather conditions. Among the artificial silks is a new jersey-like tricotine, which is seen in many of the latest French models and in the designs from good American houses. Then there are the lustrous satin-like materials used for sports suits and coats. One of these is shown at the bottom of the sketch in the middle of this page, constituting the ground upon which the trees grow. It is white with small squares of green scattered over it. The plaid tree at the right above is of the same material in white and rose; both of the last-mentioned materials are $5.50 a yard.

(*Continued on page* 77)



A new calico has this charming design in blue and white

Another calico has little black crosses on a ground of white

A black and white crossbar calico has tiny blocks of red

Red rings give variation to this black and white dotted calico

The dotted lines are black and white; the diamonds, lavender

NEW YORK CONFORMS TO NEW RULES

"Useless" Mondays and a Lightless Broadway Are Strange Innovations, But New York Accepts Them Readily And Even Turns Them to Good Use

A young woman wore recently at lunch this narrow collar on a dark cloth gown

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt lately wore at the Ritz a graceful taupe hat with aigrettes

AFTER a first gasp at the strangeness of the thing, New York has settled down to a steady régime of heatless and lightless Mondays. Fifth Avenue, on the first day of the week, presents the blank curtained appearance of Sunday. The shops are closed, and fewer people are on the streets. Broadway at night is as dark as a country town, and although one hopelessly optimistic individual was overheard to remark that he found the dimness exceedingly restful to the eyes, to the majority of people this extinguishing of lights on the great White Way brings with it an ominous sense of the reality of war. When first the original order was received from Washington, it was announced that the Metropolitan Opera House, as well as the theatres, would be closed on Monday. This created unusual complications, since it would necessitate the cancelling of probably the most important series of subscriptions booked at that house. Later, when the order was very wisely revised so that the workless masses might not be left without amusement on the evening of their enforced holiday, the difficulty was entirely removed, for Tuesday, the evening delegated for the closing of the theatres, is the one night of the week, when the Metropolitan is ordinarily dark.

On the first of these Mondays, the Metropolitan housed a considerably augmented audience. every box was filled, and the galleries and standing spaces were crowded. It was the occasion of Caruso's second appearance in "Lodoletta," and the house was particularly enthusiastic. Owing to the illness of Geraldine Farrar, Florence Easton sang the title rôle. Although the motors of the boxholders made their way through dimly lighted streets past darkened shops and hotels where the use of electricity had obviously been reduced to the minimum, there was no diminution of the degree of formality in the matter of dress. Mrs. Henry Clews, in a very charming grey costume, was the hostess of a box party which included several women wearing unusually beautiful jewels. Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas wore a very distinguished evening gown of dull purple silk embroidered in handsome Chinese motifs. Mrs. Payne Whitney, too, was among a number of other women who entertained that evening. A very smart and unusual coiffure sponsored by a dark-haired

(*Continued on page 73*)

One opera coiffure showed not a hair below and only black curls above a turban of old-rose

Mrs. Leonard Thomas dined at the Ritz in a black velvet gown with jetted bands accentuating its straight lines

Mrs. John Purroy Mitchel, one evening not long ago, wore a little bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley on one silver strap of her mulberry gown

Jet bands and lines of jet beads trimmed this very graceful chiffon dance frock sketched at the Club de Vingt

Baron de Meyer

Ina Claire's Quaker moods have always had a silver lining,—that's why this dress is characteristic of her; for it's of the cloud-stuff commonly called charmeuse, in oyster white and pale grey. The bodice, the tunic yoke, and the slender underskirt are of pale grey charmeuse; so are the sleeves; the full side-draped tunic is of a cloudy oyster white charmeuse. Just above each cuff is a white organdie insert, and the charmeuse collar has Sabbatical organdie edges, top and bottom

Baron de Meyer

We have lately learned the lesson of wearing our frocks warm, even our formal frocks. Here is a dress, for house or restaurant wear, of pale pink gabardine and bronze moire ribbon. The unique shawl collar is caught with a pink rose

This frock of Ina Claire's is designed somewhat on the lines so successfully used in the white and silver dress on the opposite page,—but it all goes to show what a difference materials make. This is an unusual combination of black satin and tan gabardine; the tight sleeves and overskirt are of black satin, and there are floating panels of tan gabardine at the back. The milan hat, of shepherdess mien, has a black ostrich feather curling over the back of its graceful drooping brim

This is a full-length view, about to depart, of the pink gabardine frock shown above in the middle of the page. The panel runs from shoulder to heel, detained at the waist-line by a bow of bronze moire ribbon; when it reaches the hem, it doubles under. The bronze shoes worn with this dress are new and unusual; they have short vamps and are secured with ribbons

It's a sophisticated little Quaker suit, for all that it's straight as a string, collared with white linen, and made of dull grey gabardine. It ties under the chin, verily, but it refuses to button,—those buttons and buttonholes are for ornament — and it has two floating panels, the most worldly in the world, tacked on behind. The black liséré hat is faced with white Georgette crêpe, and a white satin ribbon, which goes round it, ties behind in a bow that is far from devout

INA CLAIRE, LAYING ASIDE THE POVERTY AND PARIS OF "POLLY WITH A PAST," WEARS THESE MODELS FROM STEIN AND BLAINE

THAT VERSATILE SQUARE *of* WHITE LINEN

Bygone Adventures of the Handkerchief Whisper That a Great Past Lies Before It

By ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL

Sketches by A. E. Marty

I SOMEWHAT neglected this article in my early life. I preferred my sleeve or the drawing-room curtains. One day I saw a cabman blow his nose between his fingers with a frightful noise. I found this very wonderful, and later, in the bosom of my family, I thought to charm my audience with an imitation of what I had just seen. Horror and scandal! They asked me if I was mad, if I realized the depths of my depravity; and, with clasped hands, my dear grandmother declared that never in her life had she witnessed such a scene. I had to admit that I was on the wrong track, and once again I used my handkerchief. But in spite of them all, I kept a secret preference for the frank and unconstrained gesture of the cabman. It was only later, with the wisdom of years, that I learned to admit the real importance of the handkerchief—its rôle in history, its virtues, its diverse uses, and the place it holds in our daily life. At first I saw it only in its commonplace familiar aspect, then in a coquettish and ceremonious rôle, and finally in a magnificent and heroic one.

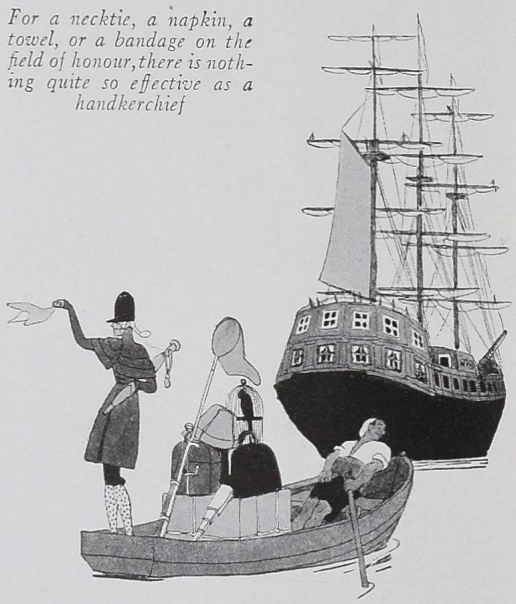
I picture it, reading of the adventures of Bluebeard, as I imagine Sister Anne climbing the castle tower and anxiously surveying the horizon. You will remember the story—how Mrs. Bluebeard, with but a few moments to live, prayed at the foot of the stairway and incessantly inquired of Sister Anne if she saw no one coming in the distance. To be sure, history doesn't say, but I know from excellent authority that at that very moment Sister Anne held a handkerchief, which she waved frantically in an effort to attract the attention of the brothers of Mrs. Bluebeard, who chanced to be taking a stroll in the country. Of course, we know that they arrived in the nick of time to snatch the unhappy young woman from the clutches of her objectionable husband, and I think it is unnecessary to dwell upon the exact rôle played by the domestic article which is the subject of our discussion.

How many dainty affairs of lawn and lace, like that of Lady Malbrouck, have served to catch the tears of swooning young widows

LADY MALBROUCK'S MOUCHOIR

Shall I speak of the handkerchief of Lady Malbrouck? Her husband, the general, went off to war, and for long weeks Lady Malbrouck, dressed all in her best, with a long-trained gown, a beauty-spot at the corner of her lips, and two flecks of rouge under her eyes, sat at her window awaiting the return of the conqueror. The chronicles of the time are silent about her handkerchief, but persons quite worthy of belief have assured me that Lady Malbrouck always had a marvel, a little gem of a handkerchief, hemstitched, embroidered, and trimmed with the finest lace in England. Alas! one lovely evening there came a messenger dressed all in black, and in an instant the handkerchief became a scrap, a bit of rag, soaked in tears. I realize that here the object of my interest figured merely in the rôle of an accessory, as but a complement to the setting of the scene. But what sad and tragic pictures it suggests, and how many handkerchiefs have served, in this same way, to lend countenance to swooning widows!

For a necktie, a napkin, a towel, or a bandage on the field of honour, there is nothing quite so effective as a handkerchief



M. Dumollet, of the familiar song, found courage and comfort in the feminine squares of white that fluttered a farewell from the windows of Bordeaux

It was the handkerchief of Sister Anne and the frantic message which it waved from the castle tower that saved poor Mrs. Bluebeard from the fate of her unfortunate predecessors

THE HANDKERCHIEF WAVES A FAREWELL

In this connection I might mention the tender signals which accompanied the departure of M. Dumollet from the port. As an evidence of secret fear and piercing grief, again the handkerchief is there to sweeten the bitterness of separation. For without it there are no touching good-byes or happy departures; whether one is arriving or leaving, one always sees the white spot from afar. M. Dumollet—to return to the song—had made a most enjoyable sojourn at Bordeaux, but at length was forced to pack his parcels and return to his native town of Saint Malo. On a beautiful morning, under a radiant sun, M. Dumollet bent his steps to the harbour. The town resounded with the cries of the merchants, the young ladies of fashion loitered before the shop windows, and on the threshold of the guard-house soldiers in three-cornered hats and powdered wigs were gaily smoking their long pipes. M. Dumollet observed all this with a melancholy eye and a heavy heart; he was departing from a town where the ladies had given him a pleasantly warm welcome. While reflecting sadly on the vicissitudes of all mankind and the brevity of man's existence, at the very moment of stepping into the boat, he noticed one, two, then three handkerchiefs, waving

(*Continued on page 77*)

THE WORLD AND PARIS GROW SIMPLER

The Charming Distinction of the Frenchwoman Is Marked by an Added Feeling; the Former Magnificence of Her Surroundings Has Become Magnificence of Spirit

PRESIDENT Wilson would indeed be flattered if he could hear how often his name is the subject of conversation in Paris at the present moment. One would naturally expect to hear the men of France talking about the leader of their new great Ally, but it is rather surprising to find his name on the lips of the prettiest women, who were, before the war, among the most frivolous.

"My dear, have you read the book which Daniel Halévy has dedicated to President Wilson?" asks a young woman of her friend, as they sit near me, their table touching mine; it is at the restaurant in the exact centre of Paris where it is the fashion of the moment to take lunch. "Get it at once. It is fascinating. You will understand the struggle that is going on beyond the Atlantic and have more sympathy for their problems."

"Now that we are meeting American officers every day," answers her friend, "it is natural that we should want to learn more about America and the American people."

THE DAY OF THE AMERICAN

In former days I should have expected to hear nothing but frivolities from those pretty lips—the frock of the moment, the latest jewel of the week. But now that we are living in daily contact with our Allies, our interest in their past, present, and future is very keen, and we wish in every way to improve our understanding of them. To-morrow it may be the character of some Italian statesman which enthralls us. But to-day we are absorbed by the character of the eminent American, Wilson. We take delight in following his career, which we feel sure will end in triumph. Women have always been attracted by audacity; and one of the phrases of Mr. Wilson's speech last June pleased the Frenchwoman particularly: "Let him who crosses our path beware!"

If he should come to Paris, I guarantee Mr. Wilson a popularity to which our women will not show indifference. We in Paris are seeking the society of the Americans. Our great painter, Albert Besnard, gathers together every Friday at his house in the rue Guillaume Tell, a group of American officers and notables of the American colony, to whom he presents Frenchmen of note, members of the Institute, writers, and musicians. A discreet waltz or tango is not out of place for this distinguished company, who are wise enough to know that such amusements as dancing furnish the surest relaxation from the high pressure of the times. How well I recall the evenings of dancing in New York, after strenuous days. The very fact that such a thing is tolerated by public opinion proves how the spirit of Paris has changed for the better since the arrival of so many welcome Americans.

A WOMAN OF THE WAR

"Till Tuesday at five o'clock, then," says my beautiful friend, whose name is listed among the millionaires of Paris, as I leave her on the threshold of the leather shop where we met. And she trips on high heels to the waiting taxi

JEANNE DUC

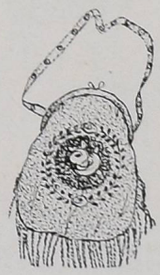
The brim of her yellow straw hat is longer fore than aft, and it is lined with sky-blue linen to give her a glimpse of heaven

JENNY

The checks of blue and white linen on a straight little suit of blue taffeta show a favourite fancy of this delightful designer

JEANNE DUC

(Above) A lace set that is unique and truly French is bright blue with a border of grebe feathers. The hat, with its pink rose, seems to match the parasol in shape



LANVIN

(Below) Beaded bags also have their designers; the ground of this bag is the pinkish shade just off white, and it was given a rose motif in green, red, blue, and yellow

JENNY

With standing collar and cuffs of pink and white striped linen, this suit of geranium rose serge has a charming odd freshness

The versatile collar on Mlle. Dorziat's frock of blue jersey braided in black to resemble astrakhan, is just as attractive when thrown back over her shoulders so that it forms a flat V at the front, as it is in this sketch

which she has secured with great difficulty to take her on her errands, as there is not enough gasolene in the garage for her own car.

On the day and hour mentioned I keep my appointment, but her gorgeous house, alas, bears no longer its air of perpetual fête. The great curtains are still in their covers, the crystal vases no longer hold flowers, and it is to a tiny boudoir, opening off her bedroom, that I am conducted by the old steward. Two logs are burning in the fireplace, and by their flickering light I make out the Chinese objects of art, in pottery and lacquer, against the gold-papered walls, which make the room look more like the inside of a lovely old treasure coffer than a boudoir. A lamp with a green shade gives a soft mysterious light, suited to confidences.

THE WISDOM WHICH COMES WITH WAR

My beautiful friend, who used to be famous for her marvellous tea-gowns of silver cloth and rare Indian fabrics, greets me in a rose wool sweater and a sheath-like black cloth skirt. She looks as distinguished and charming as ever; the same priceless emerald sparkles on her delicate hand, and her eyes have lost none of their brilliance. But there is a certain wisdom and maturity in her aspect as well as in her conversation, which betrays a new state of mind. It is as if all the magnificence which is lacking in her toilette and in her surroundings had passed into her soul.

"Oh, I buy only two gowns a season, since the war," she tells me. "I am doing so much war work that I really have no more time to devote to chiffons. And the two frocks that I do buy are only to show my good-will and to give work to those who need it."

While she talks, I look about me and observe that instead of the rich masses of roses, lilacs, and orchids which used to fill this little room, there are just two white roses in a black crystal vase. On the tea-tray, the silver service is no longer accompanied by delicious temptations to greediness; a plate of biscuits composes the refreshment.

In my friend's conversation, too, a striking change has taken place. Her glowing optimism and her utter disregard of expense have given way to an interest in economies which would do honour to a modest bourgeoise. She has shouldered her part of the general misfortune, and this briliant, adored, and fêted young woman has become a woman of the war, as all of us, willingly or not, have become in the past months. There is no longer a classification of women into rich and poor, elegant and dowdy, "carriage folk" and pedestrians. South Americans, large of heart as of waist-line, flowerlike Englishwomen, splendidly dressed Americans, Parisiennes, smart, eccentric, or frivolous—all of us have become just women of the war. This unification is reflected in our very clothes. To be sure, we have not yet been forced to adopt the standardized government shoe, though we may come to it; but for our manifold activities we wear what is practically a uniform.

While talking to my friend, I feel that, as happiness becomes rarer, she learns to find it in a thousand ways which she formerly took for granted. She seems to grasp it with both arms. These years of sadness have developed our souls towards strength and beauty. That is why, when I look about me for sensational novelties to write about, I find only simplicity.

All the women of Paris are simple in their dressing, their housekeeping, and their entertainments. Our sketches show nothing magnificent. Occasionally some social event is the excuse for a little more display, as, for example, the marriage of Miss Daisy Singer, at which some of the women appeared in gowns of pre-war elegance. The bride was delightfully young and slender in a white satin gown with a court train, cut square, and an immense tulle veil under a narrow crown of orange-blossoms. I noticed that many of the guests wore large hats, light gloves, shoes with paste buckles,—all the delightful accessories of former days and now such a relief to eyes accustomed to the eternal tailored clothes and walking-shoes of our work-aday, war day existence.

A GROUP OF CHARMING COSTUMES

The Comtesse d'Hautpoul wore a cape of brown satin, with an edging of otter and a big First Empire collar of the same fur. With it she wore a Turkish turban of gold gauze and brown satin. The Marquise de Jaucourt had a similar cape, signed Chanel. The beautiful Madame Gueydan was admired in the Callot gown reproduced on this page, at the lower right. Madame Letellier was wrapped in luxurious sable, with a toque to match. There were many large hats, some in velvet, some in coloured straw. I noticed a tendency to a fuller style of hair-dressing which seems to be replacing the flat coiffure. Why, no one knows. But that is always the way with a fashion. Some fine day it occurs to a charming woman to say:

"Why not this fashion, for a change?"

"Why not?" echoes some one else. The idea spreads from mouth to mouth, and one morning we wake to find it a reality and necessity.

Mme. Gueydan, in a gown of royal blue velvet embroidered in gold, a gold and jet ornament, and a black plumed hat from Reboux, which she wore at the wedding of her son, M. Dupree, to Miss Singer, looked as if she had stepped out of an old painting

At Miss Singer's wedding, a charming revival was seen in the frock of the maid of honour, a little girl of eight or nine years. Dressed in a long frock of soft white crêpe de Chine, with an innocent blue ribbon around her waist, she was like a Reynolds painting. A large drooping hat of black velvet, trimmed with a silver rose, completed the old-world air of the costume, with its very short sleeves and its long gloves.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MODE

At the sale for the benefit of the orphans of artists, an annual affair which always attracts our prettiest comediennes and many purchasers who understand the art of dress, I saw the coat from Poiret, shown at the lower left on this page. It is of black satin, embroidered in a trellis of green, with green tassels at the waist.

It was on a visit to Worth that I saw the interesting frock sketched at the top of page 44, in the middle. It has the original addition of peplum skirts of blue organdie on blue serge. The two jersey dresses from the Grande Maison de Blanc, of Paris, sketched at the upper and lower right on page 44, are also interesting. This house, which is essentially Parisian and has no branch in any other city in the world, has for two seasons past created frocks of great taste and originality. All the models shown here preserve the air of simplicity which the present day exacts, but at the same time they keep the feminine charm which, to the keenly perceptive mind, is anything but inconsistent with war activities.

I see a figure coming towards me on the street. Is it a man, or is it a woman? There is a man's felt hat on its head, but the hair seems feminine. Yet surely no woman would allow her skin to be so guiltless of the soothing touch of powder. This creature is weather-beaten. I hesitate—I look closer—actually, if it were not for the scant skirt, this person (whom, I am sure, is the personification of all the virtues) would pass for a man. This is not the time to criticize these admirable women who, though dressed in so unfortunate a fashion, accomplish so much good. But I cannot help insisting that, except for actual service at the front, a woman can be just as efficient and just as capable as she should be and yet preserve the outward charm that can be hers alone.

It isn't a frock; it's a charming new overblouse of white crêpe de Chine embroidered in Delft blue, to be worn with a black satin skirt

A COAT-FROCK OF JERSEY

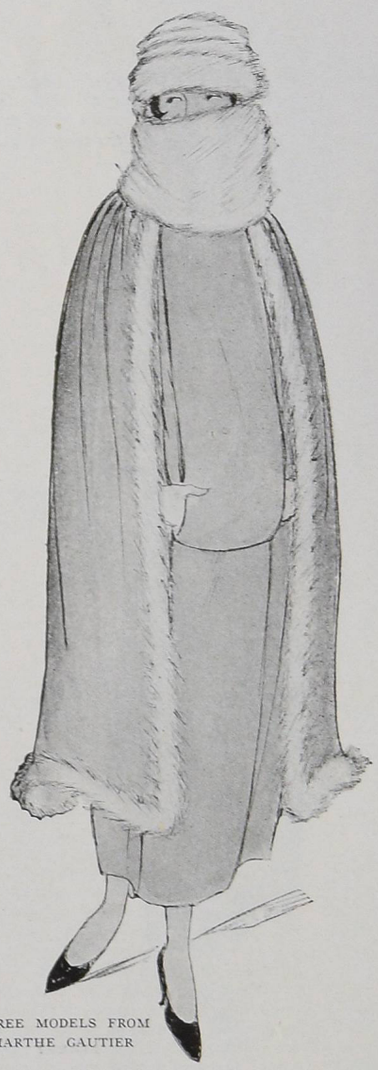
An old proverb says, "Every day has its sorrow." Let us make a new proverb which better expresses our modern philosophy: "Every day has its joy." Then let us grasp joy when and where we can, not avoid it by dressing like soldiers. Pleasanter to look at is the costume sketched at the lower right on this page; it is a coat-frock of brown jersey, trimmed with a sort of Angora. Marthe Gautier created it for country and morning wear. The cape is slightly gathered on the shoulders and has a folded band in the front which makes a muff. For the beach or mountain trips, one could have it with a shorter cape.

The long overblouse of uneven length, in white crêpe de Chine embroidered in Delft blue and belted rather high in the same stuff, may be worn equally well with light or dark skirts. These blouses have really had the success of the season. Two such models from Marthe Gautier are shown in the middle of this page.

POIRET

We don't see much of the Parisienne, but we are consoled by the fact that we see a great deal of coats like this one of black satin with green fringe and stitching

The newest overblouses go to the most surprising lengths to be charming. This one is of golden brown taffeta embroidered with silver and blue appliqué flowers

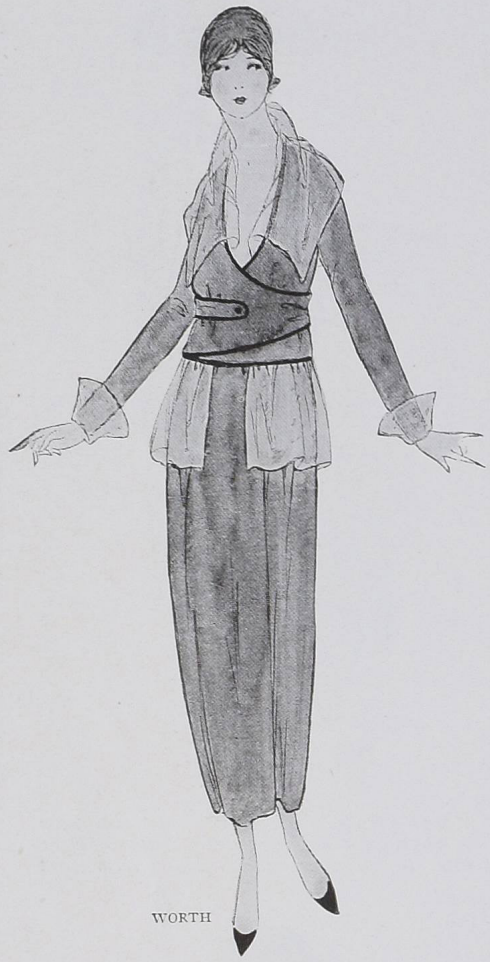


THREE MODELS FROM MARTHE GAUTIER

She is ready for any adventure that the country, or even the city, can offer, in her quaint costume of brown jersey with its Angora-like trimming, and its muff

LANVIN

This is a case of the wind being tempered by the shorn lamb, for this tête de négre satin coat is stuffed with wool wadding held in place by stitchings of gold



WORTH

A navy blue serge dress, not content with pipings of yellow, indulges in such frivolous, illogical, and delightful additions as panniers and a collar of blue organdie

GRANDE MAISON
DE BLANC DE PARIS

This dark red silk jersey dress uses Oriental lavishness of colour. The pink satin vest is embroidered in red, green, and yellow, and the sash fringe is purple

PREMET

Fringe, which avails itself of every opportunity in Paris, finishes the front panel of a black crêpe satin dress

WORTH

A frock of blue and white crêpe de Chine embroidered in blue and silver, has the sash and overskirt of the moment

GRANDE MAISON
DE BLANC DE PARIS

A black silk jersey dress with a waistcoat of black embroidery proves itself Parisian by having a pale pink front

One place that would almost make us forget the war, if such a thing were possible, is the Casino de Paris on the evenings recently inaugurated by Gaby Deslys. They really take us back to the famous first nights and the big days at the races. Everywhere in the audience, one sees well-known faces; Madame de Wendel in a gold turban; the Comtesse Louis René de Grammont with a black velvet ribbon round her hair; the Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld in a toque of voilets; Mlle. d'Hinnisdal in a cap of white panne velvet. Black, black everywhere, and nothing new to note; but, all the same, a general movement of interest in things sartorial, a desire to take up normal life again is noticed, and that in itself is sufficiently striking to be mentioned.

The Revue commands interest only through its large cast, like those of America and London, and through the scenes of Mlle. Deslys.

LUCILE

This frock of white tulle daintily embroidered in silver, with an underdress of flesh coloured satin, is worn by Mona Delza and is one of the lucky things about "The Thirteenth Chair"

Her costumes, made in London, are outré, but attractive. In the first act she is covered with ostrich feathers of royal blue. They tower in burlesque sumptuousness on her head and form her sweeping court train. In the act of "Forfeiture," she has a gown with uncurled feathers forming panniers and another head-dress of immense plumes, at least three feet high. There are feathers on her skirt, her corsage, her head; a triumph of the ostrich feather is the principal impression which we carry away from this spectacle. Subtleties, refinements, those things that we usually look for, seem to have been excluded from the original plan.

"We shan't get any ideas for clothes here," said a young woman behind me.

"Not from the stage," replied another. "But there are plenty in the audience. Look over there, in that box. Isn't that a charming effect, that skirt that looks like trousers, laid in a thousand pleats of flesh-coloured crêpe de Chine, with the amusing little vest of black velvet that goes with it?"

"That woman has some originality. She has succeeded in achieving something new at least. We have had enough of copying each other, and we must look to our laurels, else our reputation for clothes will be done for."

We need have no fear for our laurels so long as the dressmakers continue to design things like those I saw at Jenny's the other day. There was one frock of blue taffeta, with a vest of blue and white checked linen, that was perfectly delightful; and another of rose serge, with small white buttons and touches of pink striped linen, that I should have been mad over, in the almost forgotten days before the war began.

PAQUIN

A gown of brilliant rose colour was so much lovelier than most gowns that they veiled it with mauve mousseline — and the result was very like a cloud

CHÉRUIT

Chéruit's favourite enthusiasm is for side loops on her frocks. Those on this green woollen one-piece dress are very characteristic

DOUCET

It must be difficult to suspect Mme. Carron of any crime when she appears in this dinner gown of jet and black lace with its long square court train, in "The Thirteenth Chair"

These costumes are shown in the sketches at the lower left and right on page 41.

In the audience, a delightful frock by Paquin catches the attention of my opera-glass. It is half hidden under a chinchilla coat, but I see that it is of flashing rose colour, half veiled by a coat of mauve chiffon that is held at the waist by a flower. The sketch at the top of this page shows the charm of this gown. Another, which I recognize as from Lanvin, is of black satin, open on the shoulders and crossed there with black velvet straps. There is a flower of pink worsted at the waist, and the skirt hangs with the uneven hem-line which one sees everywhere just now. But the entr'acte is over, and the chattering and the discussion of the new

(*Continued on page 80*)

OVERBLOUSES CAME *to* TEA *and* REMAINED *to* CHARM

The Fashion of the Overblouse, Originated For a Hasty and Chilly Tea Hour, Has Taken a Firm Hold on Parisian Fancy

MODELS BY F. DETON

A green silk cape collar, embroidered in black, gives colour to the theory that a blouse may be transformed into a corsage while one's guests are taking off their wraps

A cape of ermine and black satin adds a flavour of luxury to the hurried war worker's tea, and is a happy substitute for the "central heating" of bygone happier days

PARIS, which used to make every event in the day an excuse for a change of costume, is now seeing the clock round in the same one-piece frock or tailored suit and blouse. One may even appear at the theatre in this garb without exciting comment. But there is one hour in her busy day when the Parisienne likes to forget her utility apparel and to give an air of feminine softness and luxury to her dress. Extravagance, however, is rather frowned upon just now, and clever brains and deft fingers have had to solve the difficulty with the simplest means.

In the February 1 issue of Vogue we reproduced a page of the little "tea caps" with which the clever woman is hiding the fact that she has had no time to make a careful indoor coiffure. On this page there are five able accomplices upon whom the tea cap can rely for aid in the art of looking well dressed without spending much to accomplish it. Overblouses, about which Paris has gone quite mad, are the solution of the problem.

The Parisienne comes in from her "canteen," where she has been wearing a severe little serge frock. Friends are coming to tea, but she is lucky if she arrives in time to receive them. Over her head she pulls the Chinese jacket of white crêpe de Chine, with the stencilled design in midnight blue all over it. A tea cap conceals the fact that she has not had time to do her hair "à la five o'clock," and she looks as if she had made a careful toilette for the intimate tea hour under the lamp in its red shade, which creates an illusion of warmth, even in the midst of a coal famine.

Perhaps the thermometer is feeling so low in its mind that it seems in danger of giving up the job and dropping out of sight altogether. Then the hostess shrouds her shoulders in the cape of ermine and black satin, hurriedly donned over her chilly linen blouse. Or she may fancy a confection of white silk jersey, dripping with monkey fur; or of bright green silk with touches of sobering black embroidery.

There is another merit of the overblouse. In these days of food rationing and sugar shortage, there is little necessity for "banting." Yet there are some figures which retain an unfashionable fulness. For them the convenient and practical white blouse is too dangerous; but they welcome the disguising and concealing overblouse as a real friend in need. Its straight lines are always becoming, and it may employ deep colour and motifs in ways that many a blouse can not.

With the tea hour should go soft lights; and the glow through the cherry red shade of the lamp shown below would add charm to occasion.

(Above) A jacket of white crêpe de Chine, stencilled in midnight blue, and coming unmistakably out of the East, makes one ready in the twinkling of a Parisian eye to preside at the informal tea-table

(Left) Now that charities and war work have reduced the tea hour to its lowest terms, the Parisienne slips a bit of satin and silver fringe over her head, knots her frivolous sash, and smiles, "Voila"

(Right) Warranted to drive away black butterflies is this red lacquer lamp from Lanvin, with bead roses on a red shade

White silk jersey, edged with monkey fur, and a nonchalant turban transform the busiest of war bees into a queen

© Underwood and Underwood

The Palm Beach Country Club, first opened last year, is one of the many attractions which the development of the winter colony, yearly growing larger, has brought in its wake

PLEASURE, PATRIOTISM, *and* PALM BEACH

Palm Beach Makes of Its Recreation a Means to Prepare for New War Labours; Only the Simplest Dinners and the Simplest Clothes Are to Be Found There

PALM BEACH, in these days that are too often coal-less in New York, is more than ever a place of great attractions. Lately it has been the scene of considerable patriotic activity among society folk, who have closed their houses in the city and gone South. They have worked untiringly to do their share, and more, toward winning the war, and now they are continuing their work and combining pleasure with it in a most satisfactory and delightful fashion. Palm Beach has indeed been witnessing a patriotic season.

The rapidly growing villa colony at Palm Beach has been and will continue to be a decided influence upon the social life. The privacy of home life, coupled with the social opportunities of the hotels and clubs, which are open to cottagers, has done much to enhance the popularity of Palm Beach, where very rapid strides are being made in building up the cottage colony. Among the new homes which will be finished this season is that of Mr. Otto H. Kahn, at the corner of Sunset Avenue and the Ocean Boulevard; it is altogether in keeping with the surroundings, as are those of Mr. John S. Phipps, Mr. Henry Carnegie, the Honourable Mrs. Frederick Guest, and Mr. Michael P. Grace, a little farther north toward the Palm Beach Country Club and opened for the first time during the last season.

THE COTTAGE COLONY GROWS

Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, with her two small sons, Masters Alfred and George Vanderbilt, was one of the first arrivals at Palm Beach; she has taken Ocean View Cottage, north of the Breakers, for the season. Mrs. Charles B. Dillingham, accompanied by Miss Madeleine Cochrane, opened a cottage on Sunset Avenue, and Mrs. John C. King is established in her cottage near by, to which Mr. King comes frequently from Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard D. Ahl, of Hamilton, Massachusetts; Mr. Michael P. Grace, of "Battle Abbey," Battle Sussex, England; Mrs. Charles A. Munn; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Russell Thomas and Mrs. Samuel Thomas; Mr. and Mrs. Christopher D. Smithers, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Pierre L. Barbey, of Tuxedo Park; Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Kent Bolton, of Lake Forest; Mr. and Mrs. William A. Prime, of New York; Dr. Fremont Smith, of Bar Harbor; Mrs. Charles I. Cragin, whose home, "Rêve d'Été," with its wonderful gardens, is the show place of Palm Beach; these are a few of the Palm Beach cottage colony this season.

In contrast to last season, gay coloured wools in the knitting-bags have been replaced exclusively by khaki and grey wool; any one seen knitting a sweater for herself is a subject of criticism, in view of the crying need for warm knitted articles for the men at home and abroad. Many Palm Beach habitués, it is true, have remained away this season for fear of being criticized for being at a fashionable resort at a time like this; but there are also many who, after thoughtfully reviewing the entire situation in their minds, have wisely decided that they might show their patriotism quite as easily if they went to Palm Beach as if they stayed away. These are people who have given and are giving their utmost, quietly and unostentatiously, and who are losing no opportunity of contributing both their work and their money, by Liberty Loan and income tax and War Savings Stamps, perhaps by an ambulance or some even more generous gift. Right-minded folk, everywhere, avoid boasting of what they have done, keeping the left hand supremely ignorant of the right hand's war charities. The patriotic man or woman who has worked for months, at all hours of the night and day, in canteens, Red Cross rooms, and offices of various kind of war relief, deserves a little rest and recreation in view of the additional hard work that lies ahead. They are no shirkers, these folk who have come to enjoy a little Florida sunshine.

MERRY MINIMUM MEALS

The question of whether or not to entertain was wisely decided by the leaders of Palm Beach society, early in the season. The various hotels, the Palm Beach Country Club and Bradley's, as well as the cottagers, all are doing their utmost to aid in food conservation; and as Palm Beach is "dry," this season, for the first time in its history, entertaining will naturally be limited in more ways than one, but will be none the less delightful. Indeed, among the first to cooperate with Mr. Hoover were the women and men of the fashionable world, who gave up their luxuries without a murmur. While it will seem a bit strange at first to picture a luncheon of only three courses at the Club or a dinner of only three courses in the Garden Grill or at Bradley's, this is what Palm Beach decided on as a patriotic movement, following the initiative of the wives of the Cabinet ministers in Washington, and it has proved a great success. There is no over-abundance of food to be seen on Palm Beach tables this spring; on the contrary, the movement to utilize the resources of Florida and the perishable foods that abound here, has struck the popular fancy. Perhaps it is to Bradley's that society owes the initiative, as the Beach Club there opened on January 19, and the notable simplicity of the dinner was copied by both the Country Club and the Garden Grill.

THE MENU

Such a luncheon or dinner may begin with melon or grapefruit suprême, or perhaps a jellied soup; then it proceeds straightaway, without further preliminaries to the main course. This will be, perhaps, roasted guinea chicken with asparagus, green peas, or some green vegetable, potato croquettes, and a delicious Florida salad; a simple sweet, or possibly only cheese and biscuits with the demi-tasse, complete the meal, without aperitif, wine, or any beverage but mineral water and coffee. Yet good cheer is not lacking.

"Are we downhearted? No!" This slogan of the English bids fair to be adopted by their American cousins, for after the first shock of war, there seems to be a tacit understanding that one must be as gay as possible and must be merry while one can, even while hiding the heartaches that most people have. One of the best ways to be happy is to keep busy. The Red Cross workrooms at Palm Beach have been the scene of great activity during the entire season. It was Mrs. S. Ross Campbell, of Philadelphia and Palm Beach, who generously gave the assembly room in the Floral Park Casino for Red Cross headquarters here. There is a chairman for each working day in the week. The six chairmen are: Mrs. Henry C. Clark, Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, second, and Mrs. Leonard D. Ahl, all of Boston; Mrs. John C. King, of New York; and Miss Helen Hood and

(*Continued on page 77*)

SERVING *the* ALLIES *by* VOLUNTARY RATIONING

THE food question is a matter of tremendous and of increasing importance. Our Allies, our armies, and our families must be fed, and the supply of certain necessary foods is growing steadily smaller. For months most of us have been conserving food, with varying degrees of conscientiousness, and most of us here realized that the food situation is a very serious one. Now, however, we are told that there must be still more careful conservation. And the responsibility for this conservation rests, to a great extent, with the well-to-do classes. The poor have always conserved as much as they can, through necessity. But there is a large class of women—a class which, it has been estimated, includes thirty per cent of the women of this country—who, while perhaps not extravagant themselves in the matter of food, have households which are excessively wasteful. It is the duty of these women to eliminate this waste and to see that their families and their servants do their share in the food conservation which is fast becoming an absolute necessity.

A MEETING OF NEW YORK WOMEN

In order better to understand this necessity and to conserve more intelligently, about three hundred prominent New York women met recently at the home of Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, 2 West 51st Street, under the leadership of Miss Florence Wardwell, who represented the United States Food Administration in Washington. This meeting was arranged with the approval and cooperation of the New York Federal Food Board, of which Mr. John Mitchell is chairman, and of Mr. Arthur Williams, the Federal Food Administrator for New York City.

Mr. Frederick C. Walcott was the speaker at the meeting, and he discussed the European food shortage and the responsibility of the United States in this emergency. Mr. Walcott made it very clear that food was an all-important factor in the war. He described the conditions in Russia and stated that the food shortage in the populous districts of Russia, which occurred about a year ago because of a complete breakdown of transportation, was one of the inducing causes of the unrest which resulted in the revolution in March. He also described the conditions in Greece and in Serbia, where for many months a food shortage has been affecting not only the civil population, but the Allied forces as well.

THE DISASTROUS EFFECT OF FOOD SHORTAGE

"In Italy," Mr. Walcott said, "there were serious food riots in some of the principal cities, due both to a food and a fuel shortage—the shortage of fuel affecting the transportation and even the distribution of food. The food shortage in Italy, which was aggravated by insidious German propaganda, was given as one of the principal causes of the demoralization among the troops that eventually led to the retreat of the army to the Piave River. The spectre of famine, or even the approach of widespread hunger, will terrorize the people of any country and shake the very foundation of the government. In France the situation, while not acute, is serious because of the uneven distribution of food and the comparative failure of the cereal crops."

Mr. Walcott then gave a clear statement of the European food shortage and its effects upon our Allies in the war and upon the neutral countries, after which he placed the entire responsibility of making up this shortage upon the United States and Canada, explaining that the destruction of shipping had separated Europe from the wheat supplies of Australia and India and, to a large extent, from the meat and wheat of Argentine.

Hang this Card in your Kitchen

RATION CARD

New York's Honour System for Food Saving by Voluntary Rationing

WEEKLY ALLOWANCE PER PERSON

Fish:
Oysters and sea food of all kinds...As much as desired

Poultry and game:
As much as desired

Meat:
Beef: fresh, salted, tinned, and hashed mutton, lamb, and veal (mutton by preference). Pork: (The weekly allowance of pork per person should not exceed half a pound) 2½ lbs. gross weight

Butter .....½ *lb.*

Cooking and kitchen fats:
Margarine, lard substitutes, cottonseed oil, peanut oil, and olive oil.....½ *lb.*

Wheat flour:
For use in cooking, such as in gravies and sauces. (Use, as far as possible, cornstarch, cracker dust, and bread crumbs) .....½ *lb.*

War bread:
Made according to regulations of Food Administration, 3 lbs. of bread require 2½ lbs. of flour.....3 *lbs.*

Sugar:
Including sugar for table use, sugar used in cooking, candies, and sweetmeats, but not the sugar used for canning and preserving.....¾ *lb.*

Non-wheat cereals:
Corn-meal, oatmeal, rice, hominy, barley, and rye
As much as desired

Vegetables and fruits:
Fresh and dried
As much as desired

Milk.....*As much as desired*

Cream or top milk:
For table use only
As much as desired

I promise the United States Food Administration to ration my household according to the regulations set forth in this card.
Signature .....

The adoption of a voluntary ration is a definite form of patriotism that will help win the war. Vogue suggests that this ration card be cut out and hung in the kitchen for daily reference

"And inasmuch as we have already shipped our surplus wheat, from now on, the amount we send to our associates in the war and the neutral countries must come from our own allowance. We must save it from our own mouths. We must eliminate wheat from our diet as far as it is possible. We must save the last possible ounce of pork and pork products. We must save butter and the other animal fats, and we must save sugar. By saving and by substituting alone can we meet the requirements of the civil population and the armies that are fighting our battles.

"The great problems of production devolve primarily upon the Department of Agriculture. Secretary Houston and his associates are bending every effort to increase our production, and the United States Food Administration is assisting in every possible way with the spoken and written word. But, in the last analysis, the great mass of the well-to-do people of the country must make up the army of food savers by eliminating waste and adopting a rigid programme in the household. We must consider our menus carefully.

"The substitutes are often more expensive than the food needed in France; therefore, it may be a little more expensive to carry out the drastic programme we should like to set. Such a programme would work increased hardships upon the poor, and we could not expect them to adopt it."

At the conclusion of Mr. Walcott's remarks, a woman in the audience rose and said, "We want something definite to do. We do not care how hard it is. Let us help." Immediately another woman said, "Why don't you put us on rations?"

Mr. Walcott replied that the Food Administration would be delighted to put the entire country on a basis of voluntary rationing, but that a ration which would accomplish its purpose would have to be a drastic one. It would necessitate careful planning and considerable sacrifice. And then he asked this question: "How many people in this audience would be willing to adopt a stiff voluntary ration for themselves and their families?"

Immediately every person in the room arose and expressed approval of this plan by long-continued applause. It was a thrilling moment and, probably, one which strikes a new note in conservation, many steps in advance of anything yet contemplated.

THE NEW YORK MOVEMENT

Undoubtedly, voluntary rationing is far pleasanter than compulsory rationing, and there is serious danger that one or the other may be a necessity. Germany has resorted to compulsory rations which suggest a limit in both variety and quantity which we hope to avert. In Germany one person is allowed, per week, but 2 pounds of meat, (24 cents a pound at government price and $3 a pound at private sale), 4 pounds of bread, 7 pounds of potatoes, 1/5 of a pound of butter, 1/2 of a pound of sugar, 1/2 of a pound of sundries. In addition one person may have 1/2 of a pound of cheese a month, and one egg in two weeks. There is no milk obtainable.

Mr. Hoover has asked Mrs. F. Gray Griswold, of New York, to organize a movement for voluntary rationing among the well-to-do women of greater New York. He is anxious that this plan should be successful and that it should be taken up by women in other cities. A copy of his letter is reproduced here, with Mrs. Griswold's permission, as it gives his plan for the organization of such a movement.

My dear Mrs. Griswold,

I have just received a report from Mr. Walcott, and I am much gratified to learn of the action taken by several of the leading women of New York City to support the United States Food Administration in saving certain foodstuffs for France by the system of voluntary rationing in their own homes.

It seems to me of the utmost importance that the United States Food Administration should lend its entire support to encouraging the widest possible extension of this idea, that the well-to-do may become volunteers in the service of food saving for our associates in the war.

The food situation in Europe is extremely critical. We are asked to send more wheat, meat, animal fats, and sugar than we can well spare, unless the well-to-do people of the United States can bear most of the burden by denying themselves the things that Europe needs and substituting other foodstuffs which, while just as wholesome and nutritious, are not easily shipped and in most cases cost slightly more. The wealthy must set the example. It is a burden which the poor cannot easily bear.

This movement should be thoroughly organized in New York City and Brooklyn, and I am very anxious that you should take the lead. I would like to have you act as the representative of the United States Food Administration to organize such committee or committees as you may see fit to carry on this work.

THE AID OF THE FEDERAL FOOD BOARD

It meets with the enthusiastic approval of Mr. John Mitchell, Chairman of the Federal Food Board for New York State, and Mr. Arthur Williams, the Federal Food Administrator for New York City, and these men will give you their hearty support. They will give you an office at the Federal Food Board's Headquarters, 220 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, and arrange for such clerical help and printing as you may require.

I believe it is not too much to expect that if this experiment is successful in New York it may be taken up by the well-to-do all over the United States and result in more actual saving of the essential foods, for the protection of the armies at the front, the civilian populations of our associates and neutral countries, and the lightening of the burdens of the poor in this country.

I am enclosing the rationing which we suggest as a voluntary contribution to war service, also a pledge card which the members of each family should sign who are willing to adopt this rationing plan. We are also sending you various recipes which suggest practical ways and means of using the substitutes and making war breads.

Faithfully yours,
HERBERT HOOVER.

Mrs. Griswold has accepted the charge and has been sworn in as a Federal Commissioner, with an office at the headquarters of the Food Administration in New York, at 220 West 57th Street.

A second meeting of prominent New York society women met recently in this building, and Mr. Walcott again spoke, assuring these women that the rest of

(*Continued on page 73*)

© Victor Georg

This photograph shows how Amelita Galli-Curci looked as Juliette in "Romeo et Juliette," but nothing can describe the operatic sensation that the supreme coloratura has made in New York in her appearances with the Chicago Opera Company

Musical New York Has Received the Chicago Opera Company with Approval and Confirmed the Genius of Galli-Curci

By HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL

IT is over now, the spasm of excitement which New York felt on the first appearance of Galli-Curci. The rest of the country had indeed been permitted to hear her at many times and places, some hundreds of thousands of mechanical records of her singing had been spread abroad throughout the land, and the great prima donna was already a "triumph." But it remained to be seen whether New York, traditionally more blasé than other cities, would give the customary approval in the form of standing *en masse* in the auditorium and shouting its applause.

It did, as all the world, probably, now knows. It called her back again and again and again after her "Shadow Song" in Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," on that feverish night of January 28, a night which will henceforth be a "date" in American operatic history. The returns from all the counties are now in, the polling places are closed, and without a dissenting voice, America has elected

(*Continued on page 75*)

(Right) Marie Chambers. The subtle art of being a successful vampire is artistically demonstrated by Miss Chambers in the part of "Conny" Chandoce in "Blind Youth," the play written by Lou Tellegen and Willard Mack in which Mr. Tellegen is starring

Charlotte Fairchild

Sarony

Edith Day. Wars may come and wars may go, but New York, apparently, will continue to have time and appreciation for good dancing. The unusually graceful dancing of Edith Day, here shown in her aviation costume, is one of the reasons why "Going Up" is steadily going up in its popularity

Two photographs by Victor Georg

Olive Tell is most engaging as Betty, that young lady who, in the first act of "General Post", falls in love with her father's tailor but is afraid to marry him, and, in the last act, is still in love with that gentleman but, because he has become a national hero, is afraid that he won't want to marry her

THESE BROADWAY LIGHTS REMAIN UNDIMMED THROUGHOUT THE WEEK

Audrey Maple is the very dainty little person who is the leading lady of "Her Regiment", that cheerful musical comedy in which Donald Brian has been starring since he deserted the famous triple alliance of Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian, and Joe Cawthorne

SEEN *on the* STAGE

The Puppet Theatre Comes into Its Own Again, Reviving Memories of East Side Puppet-Shows; "Le Vieux Colombier" Company Is Unsurpassed

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

LIFE in New York is more fleet-winged and transitory than life in any other city; and natives of New York who are less than forty years of age can look back to a now-departed period with that luxury of reminiscence that comes only, under usual conditions, to people who have passed the traditional three score and ten.

Twenty years ago, or thereabouts, there used to stand in Spring Street, a little westward from the Bowery, an Italian puppet-theatre that was eagerly frequented by enthusiastic newsboys; and, just around the corner, in Elizabeth Street, a little to the northward, there was another puppet-theatre, up a flight or two of stairs, which also carried on a high tradition inherited from medieval Italy. In those days, it used to be a great delight for a native of New York to go down to "Little Italy" and spend an evening with the animated dolls. The present writer used to be a welcome guest at both these institutions; and, in the Spring Street theatre, he served, on more than one occasion, as a puppeteer.

THE THRILLING PUPPET THEATRE OF LONG AGO

In these Italian puppet theatres, a continuous tale was told, culled mainly from the legends of Carlomagno and his Peers, as chronicled in the immortal epic of Ludovico Ariosto. Each night, as in the Chinese theatre, the story was resumed at the point where it had been relinquished on the night before. The predicted doings for the current date were announced, in advance of the performance, on sudden flaring posters that were set up on the sidewalk. These posters informed the newsboy public that to-night they might be privileged to witness (for three cents or five) the heroic combat between the Christian Knight Tancredo and some mighty Saracen, or else the poetical adventures of the Knight Rinaldo in the bower of the Sorceress Armida. These posters, dear to memory, served to stimulate the appetite of passers-by for the wonders to be shown in the tiny auditorium upstairs, that defied the fire laws and made a little home for Tasso and for Ariosto in a quiet and unnoted corner of New York.

In that now-departed period, I used to go behind and work a puppet now and then, in that stuffy little room in Spring Street. These Italian dolls were rather heavy: they weighed from ninety to a hundred pounds, and a rolling-up of sleeves was necessitated by the task of helping them to go about their business. The puppet-plays of that time were replete with alarums and excursions; and many mortal combats between armoured warriors were demanded, night by night, by the limitless scenario. One evening, by accident, I found myself installed upon the back-stage platform as the special puppeteer of the Paynim Sultan Soliman. This Sultan, according to the previous announcements on the flaring posters, was expected to fight a losing fight against some Christian hero and to "go down scornful" after a gentlemanly effort to assert himself and do his best. But, when the moment came for the big fight that was to cap the climax of the storied evening, I became so interested in the situation that I refused to allow the Sultan Soliman to die. I whacked the Christian hero over the head so hard and so repeatedly that the congregated newsboys out in front rose spontaneously to their feet and began to cheer the villain of the play. The curtain had to be rung down, to restore order in the house; and it could not be rung up again until I had consented, regretfully, to permit my favoured Sultan Soliman to receive his death-wound from the hand of the Crusader-hero. After that had been brought about successfully, the play went on.

A MAN OF ELOQUENCE

In those days, the lines were delivered by a decrepit old Sicilian who knew the stories to his finger-tips and improvised the necessary dialogue to suit the action of the puppets. This man was never at a loss for speech. Hidden from the aud-

(*Continued on page 79*)

(Right) A glimpse behind the scenes at the Norworth Theatre shows us some of the operators manipulating Tony Sarg's marionettes. It sometimes requires two girls to put one doll through the adventures of a performance

In "The Green Suit," one of the delightful little plays enacted by the marionettes, Dr. Magicus, an old necromancer, tests the courage of Peter, the boy hero, by the weird dance and gruesome behaviour of a lively skeleton

Jessie Tarbox Beals, Inc.

A R T

By MARION E. FENTON

THE art season has defied the pessimists and, in spite of their forebodings, has turned out to be one of the busiest and most interesting since the war began. Added to the number of important memorial and retrospective exhibitions and of valuable loan exhibitions for charity, there has been a constantly increasing number of exhibitions of the work of present-day artists, both American and foreign, who are finding more and more inspiration in this country and are adapting their ideals and their brushes to the spirit of the present hour.

AN EXHIBITION OF THE WORK OF DEGAS

To those who expect to find Degas ever the pastel depicter of the ballet, of light dancing figures seen on the stage behind the glitter of the footlights, figures as artificial as the setting in which they in their filmy bits of coloured gauze, are seen, the memorial exhibition of his work at the Durand-Ruel galleries held treasures of an unexpected sort. There were on exhibition twenty-three examples of this artist's work, ranging from an earlier canvas of 1871, and the more obvious "Chevaux de Course" and "Savoisienne" of two years later (a serious portrait study), through his "Danseuses" of 1898. By some critics Degas has been considered pre-eminently a draughtsman and not a colourist. That he could, when he wished, draw what and as he liked is obvious, but that he ranked colour before form in many of his pastels and his canvases is too patent to need proving. One has only to study the richness of colour and the joy in the harmonies of "L'Atelier de la Modiste," painted in 1882, to find Degas the colourist. With only a very plain little milliner and a group of very stupid little hats as subject, Degas has painted a canvas full of interest and of atmosphere, with delightful variety of technique and richness of colour, and he has, as it were, proved his preoccupation with colour by the extremely clumsy drawing of the arm. The soft, cool, grey blues and the mulberry and green in the pastel, "Le Petit Déjeuner à la Sortie du Bain," and in "La Toilette" the brilliant orange and blues, with touches of bright clear colour in spots caught by the light, again speak for themselves as the work of Degas the colourist. It was not the obvious that this artist painted, not the conventional or the expected; with a humour all his own he painted the moment of unexpectedness, as in "Le Rideau," which shows the curtain just rising on the stage above innumerable dancing feet, or in "La Loge," with the (*Continued on page 80*)

Degas, noted in art as the great painter of motion, Degas of the French ballet, forsakes draughtsmanship for colour and paints a true lyric in "L'Atelier de la Modiste," recently on view at the Durand-Ruel galleries

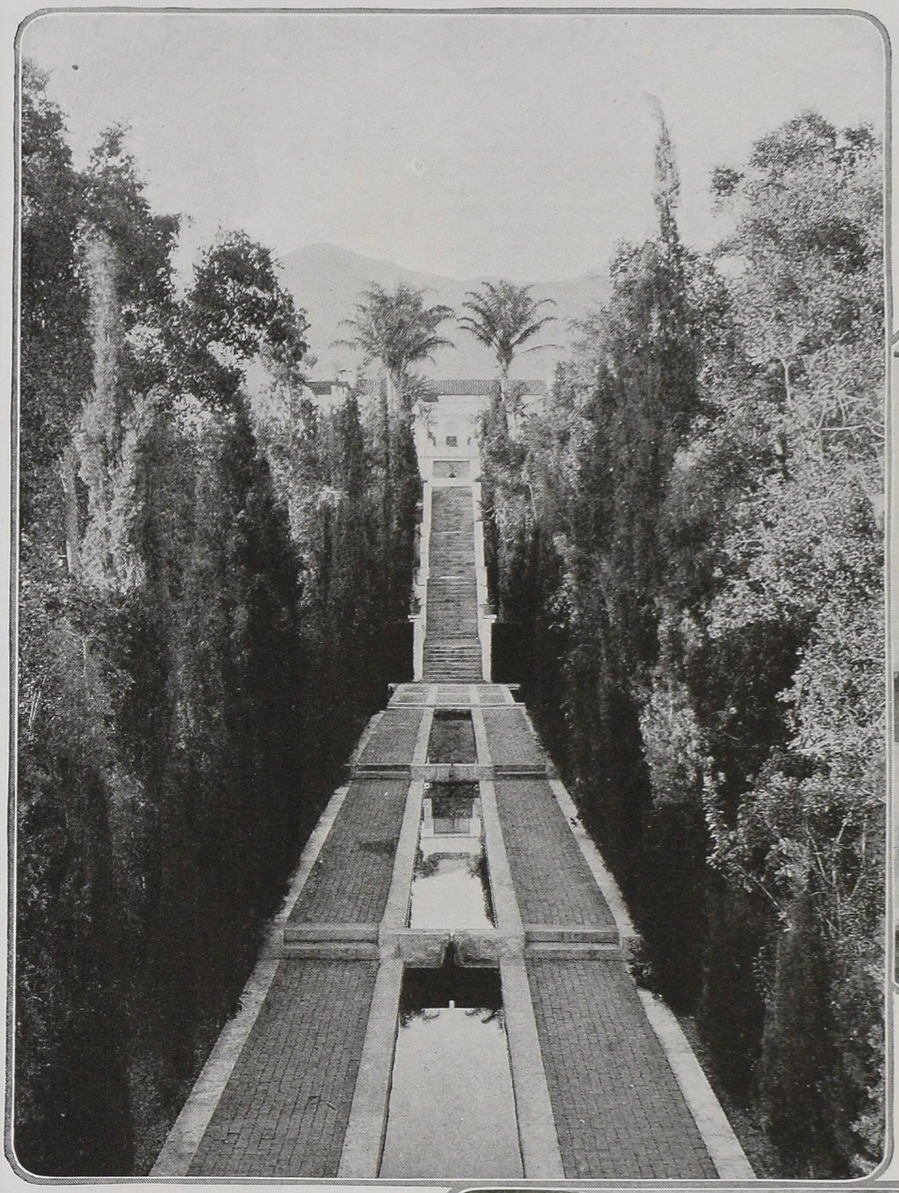
The new galleries of Gimpel and Wildenstein opened with an exhibition of the work of the able French decorative painter, Caro-Delvaille, which included an excellent self-portrait

Although he is clearly a son of the Italian Renaissance, Caro-Delvaille yet speaks in his essentially decorative paintings a language all his own, and a modern language at that

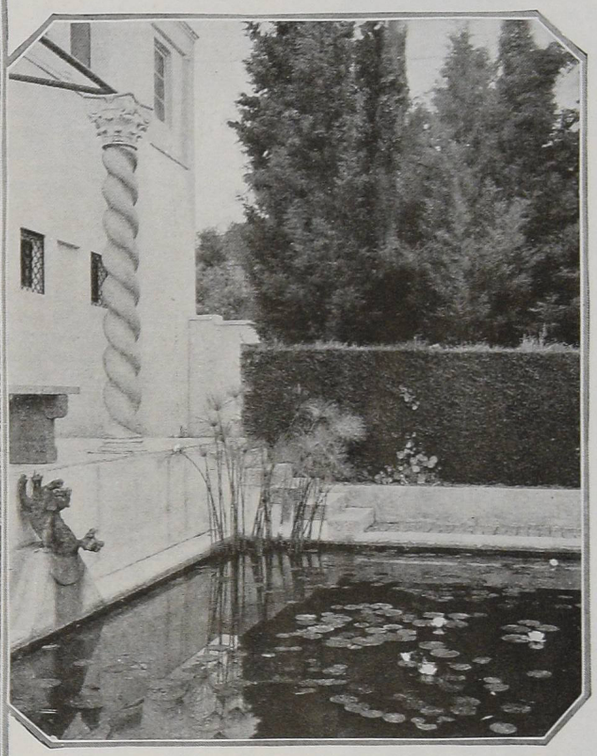
Mathilde de Cordoba, whose etching needle has a special affinity for childhood, included in her exhibition at the Hahlo galleries a delightful portrait of Toby, son of Lord Hylton

Among the pioneers in the field of Indian paintings is William Leigh, whose Sioux brave in a war bonnet shows the artist's love for the romance and setting of Indian life

PLACES LIKE "EL FUREIDES", MR. J. W. GILLESPIE'S SANTA BARBARA ESTATE, MAKE MONTECITO VALLEY BELOVED



This long vista, a part of Mr. Gillespie's estate at Santa Barbara, California, is one of the memories that, at a mention of the Montecito valley, brings a faraway look into travellers' eyes. It is hedged by cedars,—those tall, dark, California cedars which suggest the sombre stillness of the English yew, in contrast with the flamboyant palms. Far below these quiet pools breaks the sea, and, seemingly just behind the terrace above, rise the dusty olive trees of the sheltering hills; everything lies there in the California sun, as inevitable as if God had forgotten it



In one corner of an upper terrace is a sleepy shut-in pool; and over it hangs an air so full of the withdrawing repose of ancient lands that the perennial papyrus can be induced to linger there, oblivious of its Egyptian days

The adventurer in the gardens of "El Fureides" stumbles upon hidden surprises, — pools, pergolas, and arbours like this one with its Moorish well and climbing wistaria. It is wise to look well upon mountains above and sea beneath, for by the next day the place may be impossible to find among the winding paths; the unwary might well believe himself bewitched by an unseen landscape architect

Frances Benjamin Johnston

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

The addition of a satin jacket to a slightly tired afternoon frock of chiffon evolves a bright new costume

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It is an axiom of dress that if one cannot spend a great deal of money on one's clothes, one must, perforce, spend a great deal of time. The woman who must choose her clothes for long service and for appropriateness to many occasions can afford to make no hasty decisions. She must survey the field and know what is new and what can be depended upon to wear well and to remain in fashion long enough for her to get real service out of it. All of this special knowledge it takes time to acquire, and time is something which is at a premium with most women just now. There is hardly a community in the country which has not pledged itself to certain war work, carried on by the women, in addition to the regular charitable organizations of pre-war days.

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THE VALUE OF THE SLIM SILHOUETTE

There really are no cheap materials at the present moment. The cost of the raw material, of production and distribution, the enormous demands of the war upon stuffs and labour,—all these have contributed to the increase of the cost of our clothes. Woollens, silks, and cottons have gone up in price; in some cases they have even doubled. Yet this increase has been offset, at least for the woman who buys her own materials and has them made up by her tailor or dressmaker, by the revival of the slim silhouette. For the frock of this year, it takes little more than half the number of yards that were required in the previous season.

The designs on these pages were planned to interest particularly the woman who buys her own material and takes it to an expert to be made up. The first is a suggestion for the ubiquitous one-piece frock of the popular wool jersey fabric. French women have done an incredible number of things with this material for several seasons. They have used it for coats, wraps, dresses, blouses, and even for hats. With such a recommendation, the woman with a war income need not fear for the practicality of this material. The first weaves manufactured in this country were rather too reminiscent of wool underwear to be pleasing, but this defect has now been remedied. Stockinette, as it is sometimes called, comes in many charming shades, such as dark green, navy blue, beige, and black, and also in trench blue, named for the horizon blue of the French uniforms worn in the trenches. The gown sketched at the top of the next page, on the right, may be of this material, trimmed with rows of inch-wide silk braid to match. A very excellent quality of stockinette is fifty-four inches wide and is priced at $3.75 a yard. This gown can be cut from three and a quarter yards; so it is well within the law which restricts us to four and a half. The braid, if one prefers, may be black. The design has several new and attractive features, one of them a skirt which is separate from the overblouse and which is cut in two pieces. The overblouse fastens on the shoulder and at one side of the belt, and this belt, be it noted, is of suède in the newest width, that is to say, it is as narrow as possible. At home on a very warm day, one might leave off the blouse and wear the skirt with a matching blouse of Georgette crêpe trimmed with the same silk braid. This frock is very becoming to the average figure and is the sort which may be worn at almost any time of day. With a sports hat it is entirely suitable for morning, but the sketch proves that it looks equally well when worn with a more formal hat and a veil.

A veritable first aid to the war income is the waistcoat. It practically doubles the life of a suit, providing many changes

AN UNTRIMMED ONE-PIECE FROCK

There are many women who include a blue serge one-piece frock in the wardrobe of every season. It is amusing to walk down Fifth Avenue on a fine spring morning and count the blue serge frocks, which are almost as much a uniform for women as khaki is for men. Like everything else, blue serge has risen in price, but a fine quality, fifty inches wide, may be bought for $2.50 a yard. The style suggested for the useful garment sketched at the upper left on page 55 is quite untrimmed, but the lines are so smart that no trimming is necessary. Trimming at best is a dangerous thing, except in the hands of an expert, and it is certainly a good move on the part of the woman with a war income to do without it. Cleverly contrived neck arrangements will give this frock an endless series of changes. It is shown with a little rolling collar of organdie, to which may be added rolled organdie cuffs if one desires, but it is very smart to have no finish to the fashionable tight sleeve. A pretty touch is the use of silver filigree buttons to fasten the frock; they have been in high favour during the winter on suits, and it would be good economy to transfer them, if they have been used, from the winter suit to the spring frock of serge. This frock would also be suitable for one of the new invisible checks which are being used by the smartest tailors and dressmakers. A little newer than serge, they are excellent for summer tailor-made things, on account of their light weight and durable weave.

Many an old wardrobe will yield a smart suit, since three materials may be newly combined in this clever fashion

A pretty combination is dark tan cashmere lightly checked in French blue. This material is forty-five inches wide and is priced at $2.85 a yard. For the average figure, it would take three yards for a frock like that in the sketch.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE WAISTCOAT

One of the great resources of the woman with a war income is the waistcoat in all its many forms. By the use of a trim little vest of white piqué, fresh from the tub, she can smarten a suit which is slightly past its prime; or she can repeat the colouring of a favourite hat in a vest of silk, which is easily made at a small cost, and make a plain coat and skirt look elaborate enough for rather formal wear. This year all sorts of stuffs are being shown for this use. It will not be surprising to see homespun in checks or stripes, while duvetyn, silk poplin, velours, and several varieties of silk and satin are all permissible if smartly combined. The suit shown in the sketch at the lower left on page 54 is an excellent example of the suit with a vest. Of course, the straight box coat is not suitable to every one, but it looks very well on the youthful figure of straight lines. It is suggested in navy blue tricotine, with a vest of white piqué, separate from the coat. Tricotine is a very durable material with good draping qualities, and the fifty-inch material suggested for this suit is an unusual value for $3.50. The box coat, guiltless of fastening, is very new this season, and the sleeves are also of the newest type, cut kimono style, but with long tight lines; while the interesting cuff makes up in buttons what the coat itself lacks in that respect. The skirt is very simple and is cut in two pieces. This whole design is so easy to handle that it can be made up by a dressmaker without the assistance of a tailor. It will take only two and a quarter yards of tricotine, one and a quarter for the skirt and one yard for the coat. A number of different vests to wear with this suit would make it a practical investment for any woman.

This frock demonstrates the economy of depending upon line rather than trimming

A braided jersey frock serves many daytime hours; the skirt may have various blouses

This is a season in which we have definitely decided to live up to the French saying, "There are no small economies." Every economy is big in significance. Many women are carefully looking over their discarded clothes with a view to the possible use of the materials in some other form. The suit sketched at the lower right on page 54 has been planned with the idea in mind of utilizing old materials. The skirt is of one stuff and the jacket of another, while the vest, which is a simulated one, is made of a third. Yet the result is not in the least patchy, but on the contrary very good. This is a design which could also be used for a combination of new materials, such as serge and satin. The skirt might be of serge and the short Eton jacket—a popular revival of this season—of satin faced with serge. The facing bands are turned up at the ends of the sleeves as cuffs. The vest is of the new matelassé crêpe. If one uses a fifty-four inch material, only one and one half yards are required for the skirt and the facings of the jacket. A very good serge in black or navy blue is priced at $3 a yard. These estimates are, of course, for the average figure. The jacket takes two and one half yards of satin, which comes in a soft quality, forty inches in width, for $3.50 a yard. The matelassé crêpe is not cheap, but it is suggested as it gives an air of newness to the costume. It costs $4.50 a yard, but it is forty inches wide, and only three quarters of a yard are required for the vest. The back of the vest is of china silk, and crêpe covers the buttons. This very smart design for the slender figure is modelled on a French importation and has many original touches that give distinction.

TWO USEFUL COATS

It has been said that the woman who dresses on a small income must buy her clothes with an eye to adaptability to many occasions. This takes careful planning and much ingenuity; the wrap sketched at the lower left on this page is a triumph of both. It is a combination model, made of satin and camel's hair velours. The lower part of the wrap is of satin, and the cape may be removed, leaving a straight satin coat for which one could find many uses, both in the afternoon and in the evening. It is perfectly straight from shoulder to hem and slightly circular at the bottom. At either side is a straight slit in the seams for the arms, and there is a short standing collar of satin. If the wrap were in black or navy blue, a lining of white, grey, or beige would be appropriate. To make the satin coat warmer for motor wear, there is a short cape of velours in the same colour as the satin. This is cut circular, like a soldier's, and it has a scarf collar. It may be lined or not, to suit one's fancy, and it fastens with covered buttons. The end of the scarf is turned up and buttoned, forming a pocket. The uses of this wrap, with or without its cape, are manifold, and one would hardly need any other for the spring and summer. A fine satin of heavy quality, forty inches wide, is priced at $4.50 a yard. An effective lining would be sports satin, in white. This, too, is forty inches wide, and its cost is $4.50 a yard for the best quality. When the satin and its lining are of the same quality, one is provided with a reversible wrap. Three and a half yards of each material are required. The cape is cut from camel's hair velours, a new material, fifty inches wide and priced at $7 a yard. This is expensive, to be sure, but the cape requires only one yard and seven eighths, including the buttons. The coat is so plain that it must depend upon the beauty of its stuffs for smartness; a less expensive material, however, might be used for the cape.

For those who fancy a more mannish type of coat, there is the model sketched at the lower right on this page; it is offered at a remarkably low price, considering its workmanship and materials. It is not wise to give an unskilled

(*Continued on page 73*)

This satin wrap may be the answer to every demand of the summer, for it is reversible and has a removable cape

A well-tailored tweed top-coat is an investment bringing generous returns because of its duration of style and service

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THE VALUE OF THE SLIM SILHOUETTE

There really are no cheap materials at the present moment. The cost of the raw material, of production and distribution, the enormous demands of the war upon stuffs and labour,—all these have contributed to the increase of the cost of our clothes. Woollens, silks, and cottons have gone up in price; in some cases they have even doubled. Yet this increase has been offset, at least for the woman who buys her own materials and has them made up by her tailor or dressmaker, by the revival of the slim silhouette. For the frock of this year, it takes little more than half the number of yards that were required in the previous season.

The designs on these pages were planned to interest particularly the woman who buys her own material and takes it to an expert to be made up. The first is a suggestion for the ubiquitous one-piece frock of the popular wool jersey fabric. French women have done an incredible number of things with this material for several seasons. They have used it for coats, wraps, dresses, blouses, and even for hats. With such a recommendation, the woman with a war income need not fear for the practicality of this material. The first weaves manufactured in this country were rather too reminiscent of wool underwear to be pleasing, but this defect has now been remedied. Stockinette, as it is sometimes called, comes in many charming shades, such as dark green, navy blue, beige, and black, and also in trench blue, named for the horizon blue of the French uniforms worn in the trenches. The gown sketched at the top of the next page, on the right, may be of this material, trimmed with rows of inch-wide silk braid to match. A very excellent quality of stockinette is fifty-four inches wide and is priced at $3.75 a yard. This gown can be cut from three and a quarter yards; so it is well within the law which restricts us to four and a half. The braid, if one prefers, may be black. The design has several new and attractive features, one of them a skirt which is separate from the overblouse and which is cut in two pieces. The overblouse fastens on the shoulder and at one side of the belt, and this belt, be it noted, is of suède in the newest width, that is to say, it is as narrow as possible. At home on a very warm day, one might leave off the blouse and wear the skirt with a matching blouse of Georgette crêpe trimmed with the same silk braid. This frock is very becoming to the average figure and is the sort which may be worn at almost any time of day. With a sports hat it is entirely suitable for morning, but the sketch proves that it looks equally well when worn with a more formal hat and a veil.

A veritable first aid to the war income is the waistcoat. It practically doubles the life of a suit, providing many changes

AN UNTRIMMED ONE-PIECE FROCK

There are many women who include a blue serge one-piece frock in the wardrobe of every season. It is amusing to walk down Fifth Avenue on a fine spring morning and count the blue serge frocks, which are almost as much a uniform for women as khaki is for men. Like everything else, blue serge has risen in price, but a fine quality, fifty inches wide, may be bought for $2.50 a yard. The style suggested for the useful garment sketched at the upper left on page 55 is quite untrimmed, but the lines are so smart that no trimming is necessary. Trimming at best is a dangerous thing, except in the hands of an expert, and it is certainly a good move on the part of the woman with a war income to do without it. Cleverly contrived neck arrangements will give this frock an endless series of changes. It is shown with a little rolling collar of organdie, to which may be added rolled organdie cuffs if one desires, but it is very smart to have no finish to the fashionable tight sleeve. A pretty touch is the use of silver filigree buttons to fasten the frock; they have been in high favour during the winter on suits, and it would be good economy to transfer them, if they have been used, from the winter suit to the spring frock of serge. This frock would also be suitable for one of the new invisible checks which are being used by the smartest tailors and dressmakers. A little newer than serge, they are excellent for summer tailor-made things, on account of their light weight and durable weave.

Many an old wardrobe will yield a smart suit, since three materials may be newly combined in this clever fashion

A pretty combination is dark tan cashmere lightly checked in French blue. This material is forty-five inches wide and is priced at $2.85 a yard. For the average figure, it would take three yards for a frock like that in the sketch.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE WAISTCOAT

One of the great resources of the woman with a war income is the waistcoat in all its many forms. By the use of a trim little vest of white piqué, fresh from the tub, she can smarten a suit which is slightly past its prime; or she can repeat the colouring of a favourite hat in a vest of silk, which is easily made at a small cost, and make a plain coat and skirt look elaborate enough for rather formal wear. This year all sorts of stuffs are being shown for this use. It will not be surprising to see homespun in checks or stripes, while duvetyn, silk poplin, velours, and several varieties of silk and satin are all permissible if smartly combined. The suit shown in the sketch at the lower left on page 54 is an excellent example of the suit with a vest. Of course, the straight box coat is not suitable to every one, but it looks very well on the youthful figure of straight lines. It is suggested in navy blue tricotine, with a vest of white piqué, separate from the coat. Tricotine is a very durable material with good draping qualities, and the fifty-inch material suggested for this suit is an unusual value for $3.50. The box coat, guiltless of fastening, is very new this season, and the sleeves are also of the newest type, cut kimono style, but with long tight lines; while the interesting cuff makes up in buttons what the coat itself lacks in that respect. The skirt is very simple and is cut in two pieces. This whole design is so easy to handle that it can be made up by a dressmaker without the assistance of a tailor. It will take only two and a quarter yards of tricotine, one and a quarter for the skirt and one yard for the coat. A number of different vests to wear with this suit would make it a practical investment for any woman.

This frock demonstrates the economy of depending upon line rather than trimming

A braided jersey frock serves many daytime hours; the skirt may have various blouses

This is a season in which we have definitely decided to live up to the French saying, "There are no small economies." Every economy is big in significance. Many women are carefully looking over their discarded clothes with a view to the possible use of the materials in some other form. The suit sketched at the lower right on page 54 has been planned with the idea in mind of utilizing old materials. The skirt is of one stuff and the jacket of another, while the vest, which is a simulated one, is made of a third. Yet the result is not in the least patchy, but on the contrary very good. This is a design which could also be used for a combination of new materials, such as serge and satin. The skirt might be of serge and the short Eton jacket—a popular revival of this season—of satin faced with serge. The facing bands are turned up at the ends of the sleeves as cuffs. The vest is of the new matelassé crêpe. If one uses a fifty-four inch material, only one and one half yards are required for the skirt and the facings of the jacket. A very good serge in black or navy blue is priced at $3 a yard. These estimates are, of course, for the average figure. The jacket takes two and one half yards of satin, which comes in a soft quality, forty inches in width, for $3.50 a yard. The matelassé crêpe is not cheap, but it is suggested as it gives an air of newness to the costume. It costs $4.50 a yard, but it is forty inches wide, and only three quarters of a yard are required for the vest. The back of the vest is of china silk, and crêpe covers the buttons. This very smart design for the slender figure is modelled on a French importation and has many original touches that give distinction.

TWO USEFUL COATS

It has been said that the woman who dresses on a small income must buy her clothes with an eye to adaptability to many occasions. This takes careful planning and much ingenuity; the wrap sketched at the lower left on this page is a triumph of both. It is a combination model, made of satin and camel's hair velours. The lower part of the wrap is of satin, and the cape may be removed, leaving a straight satin coat for which one could find many uses, both in the afternoon and in the evening. It is perfectly straight from shoulder to hem and slightly circular at the bottom. At either side is a straight slit in the seams for the arms, and there is a short standing collar of satin. If the wrap were in black or navy blue, a lining of white, grey, or beige would be appropriate. To make the satin coat warmer for motor wear, there is a short cape of velours in the same colour as the satin. This is cut circular, like a soldier's, and it has a scarf collar. It may be lined or not, to suit one's fancy, and it fastens with covered buttons. The end of the scarf is turned up and buttoned, forming a pocket. The uses of this wrap, with or without its cape, are manifold, and one would hardly need any other for the spring and summer. A fine satin of heavy quality, forty inches wide, is priced at $4.50 a yard. An effective lining would be sports satin, in white. This, too, is forty inches wide, and its cost is $4.50 a yard for the best quality. When the satin and its lining are of the same quality, one is provided with a reversible wrap. Three and a half yards of each material are required. The cape is cut from camel's hair velours, a new material, fifty inches wide and priced at $7 a yard. This is expensive, to be sure, but the cape requires only one yard and seven eighths, including the buttons. The coat is so plain that it must depend upon the beauty of its stuffs for smartness; a less expensive material, however, might be used for the cape.

For those who fancy a more mannish type of coat, there is the model sketched at the lower right on this page; it is offered at a remarkably low price, considering its workmanship and materials. It is not wise to give an unskilled

(*Continued on page 73*)

This satin wrap may be the answer to every demand of the summer, for it is reversible and has a removable cape

A well-tailored tweed top-coat is an investment bringing generous returns because of its duration of style and service

De Witt C. Ward

MISS MARY CASS CANFIELD

Miss Canfield has, perhaps more than any of the younger women in New York society, displayed notable talents in a variety of artistic fields. As a sculptor, she has not only given high promise, but has actually achieved professional success. Her writings—in "The New Republic", "Vanity Fair", and other periodicals—have attracted no small degree of attention, both because of their distinction of style and of their unusual critical acumen. As a playwright and as an actress, she has also, if in an amateur way, contributed something to the social and artistic life of New York. Miss Canfield is at present in charge of the Women's Enrollment in the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross

WRAPPED IN FURS AND THOUGHTS OF WINTER CHARITIES, NEW YORK GOES ITS BUSY WAY

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT IS MADE GLORIOUS SUMMER AT PALM BEACH WHERE WAR WORK CONTINUES

© Western Newspaper Union

Mrs. Samuel Willets is one of the most prominent members of the Long Island hunting colony. She is here photographed wearing a smart fur cape of the type that is new this season

(Left) Mrs. Pembroke Jones, who spends her summers at "Sherwood," her Newport home, has for several seasons past solved the winter problem by going to Palm Beach

(Right) Miss Marion Tiffany, who had an important part in Hero Land this winter, was a tireless and energetic worker for the Red Cross at Newport last summer

Mrs. Gurnee Munn, of Washington, who was Miss Marie Wanamaker, spends much of her time in New York, Philadelphia, and Palm Beach. Mr. Munn has entered the Aviation Corps and has been detailed to the Capitol

Mrs. Peter Cooper Bryce, who, before her marriage, was Miss Angelica Brown, has been closely identified with the race meets for a number of years. She is the sister of Miss Adele Brown, one of the informal débutantes of this season

Miss Barbara Loew is one of the young girls who came out informally this winter. She is the granddaughter of Mr. George F. Baker, and the daughter of Mrs. William Goadby Loew, one of the hard-working heroines of Hero Land

Baron de Meyer

As blue as the grotto of Capri is this living-room. The walls, ceiling, and carpet are all the same bright blue, and the blue velvet curtains are hung over inner curtains of blue gauze, trimmed with fringes of blue glass beads. A blue lacquered cabinet stands against the wall. The table, which has a blue velvet top under glass, is painted heliotrope and gold. The same dull heliotrope is repeated in the painted chairs, with three gold feathers. These chairs have cushions of deep rose coloured velvet, and the armchair is upholstered and cushioned in velvet of the same tone. The rose and gold cords and tassels of the blue velvet curtains and the rose and blue glazed chintz window-shades use the rose notes of the furniture; and the mirror frame of carved wood strikes the full chord of rose, blue, and mauve in its lacquered flowers and fruit

IN KITTY GORDON'S APARTMENT, BARON DE MEYER HAS

EVOLVED A SATISFYING COLOUR HARMONY FROM A THEME

OF BLUE WITH VARIATIONS OF ROSE, MAUVE, AND GOLD

A dressing-table of silver-gilt carved wood has a blue velvet top and an ottoman to match. The mirror and candlesticks are of carved wood in a design of wreathed flowers lacquered rose, blue, and mauve. The wardrobe is painted in the same colours, and the velvet curtains continue the rose-blue-and-mauve idea

The colour arrangement of the living-room is reversed here, and the walls are painted a dull heliotrope, while the bed is lacquered blue and covered with blue and heliotrope velvet. The canopy is festooned with wreaths of lacquered flowers, and the bed curtains are tied back with bands made of silk flowers. The velvet bed spread is painted in rose and mauve

Next a blue velvet sofa piled with rose, violet, and gold cushions, stands a silver-gilt table with a pink marble top. The panel on the wall is of appliqué work on silk painted in blue, green, rose, and deep violet to represent an aquatic scene. This panel, which is mounted like a kakemono, is really the palette to which all the decoration owes its choice of colour

Baron de Meyer

Rita Martin

This Idare frock, from waist-line to heels, is made on lines that are straight and severe; but above the waist-line it struck (it's always fair to strike above the waist-line) for the right to wear a floppy feminine frill and cuffs of lavender Georgette crêpe. This loose blouse buttons on to the skirt with large bone buttons

(Right) This between-seasons suit of blue gabardine has a skirt the fulness of which falls in cascades from waist to hem. The cuffs and convertible collar are of blue and white silk

Two photographs from Hugh Cecil

(Left) "Burberry," to an Englishman, means his comfortable tweed overcoat. But when you say the same to a woman, you find (you generally do, with a woman) that you've said something quite different. This dark blue cape-coat from Burberry has an embroidered belt and shoulder straps and a high skunk collar

THREE PHASES OF THE LONDON MODE SHOW IN A SUIT, A DRESS, AND A CAPE-COAT

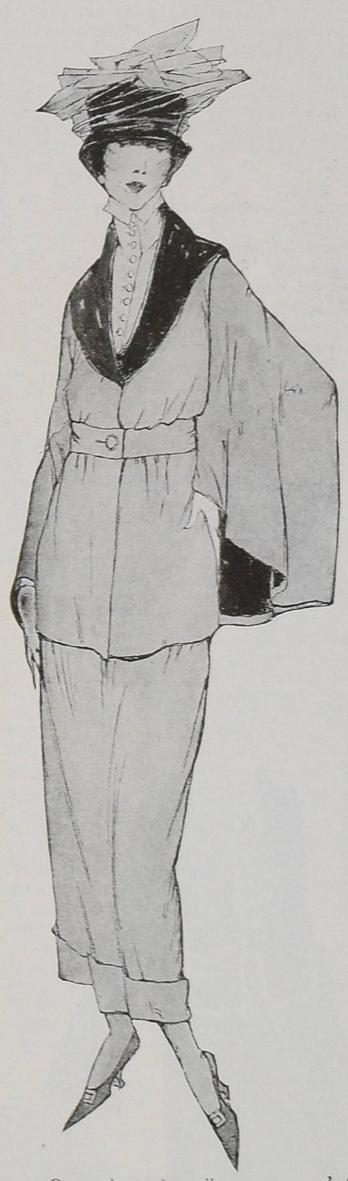
THE CAPE-COAT IS NOT A MILITARY MONOPOLY; FEMININE SHOULDERS CARRY IT WELL

THESE TAILORED COSTUMES FOR SPRING INDICATE THAT AMERICA STILL SWEARS BY HER NAVY BLUE, AND STILL LIKES TO PROVE IT IN SERGE

This blue serge dress is ornamented, with Elizabethan freedom, by slashing, laced with black grosgrain ribbon at the neck, side, cuff, and deep skirt-yoke. Fortunately for twentieth-century ideas of fitness, it is mounted firmly on a modest underdress of black satin. Besides that, there is a gilet of finely pleated white organdie which escapes the collar at the neck, forming an unusual ruche. The hat, a semi-sports model, echoes the motif of the dress; it is of coarse white braid woven with black grosgrain ribbon

MODELS FROM LORBER

This tricotine suit has a coat after the style of the English officer's—but after it with all reserve, for it has neither the pockets nor the shoulder-straps that it might have had. It is not of the omnipresent field-service khaki, but of the navy blue of the dress uniform, and there is a grey suède belt. The severely reserved straight skirt is made in four parts, put together with corded seams. A small sailor hat of blue liséré has a swashbuckling grey ribbon crown



Capes have jauntily swung and flopped in our wakes for several seasons, but this cape of navy blue serge is distinctly shorter before than behind; its navy blue satin lining matches the satin collar of the coat it's a part of. This coat fastens with one button, and the straight skirt, economizing material to the very hem, there revolts and flaunts an unnecessary turned-up cuff. A navy blue satin turban, a variety of mushroom, achieves a tam o'shanter crown of black tulle

Certain rebellious souls have been heard to vow that they will never again suffer a narrow skirt. Patriotism may eventually change their minds; in the meantime, this one-piece frock of navy blue gabardine humours them with a pleated skirt on a yoke. The organdie blouse is bound with green satin, and a green, white, and black embroidered girdle furnishes a low waist-line. A grey crêpe facing, blue ribbons, and an engaging air accompany the wide blue straw hat

This season's signature is found in the narrow cut about the ankles of this skirt, which is slightly full at the top and has its long lines emphasized by a row of small buttons

Black taffeta will be one of the most fashionable materials this summer. A full tunic over a long tight underskirt is an innovation which apparently is here to stay a long time

Black satin was put to a new use in this youthful suit which is cut on entirely new lines, and shows one of the combinations of the peplum and underskirt

SHE IS INDEED A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING WHO WEARS A SUPERFLUITY OF THE WOOL THAT IS TO WIN THE WAR; VOGUE DESIGNS THESE SILK SUITS AS SUBSTITUTES

THE silk dress has always been among the stage properties of spring; this year it belongs also to the honourable legion of economic allies. America expects every woman to wear her silk coat. The Frenchwoman accustoms herself easily to the idea of a wool-less spring, for the silk coat is no novelty to her, and she would find little difficulty in choosing a suit or a top-coat from the many new models shown this season. This year we are asked to eat caviar and lobster, and to wear silks and satins—to economize. But there is a satisfaction in these paradoxical economies because they react to the benefit of our wool-clothed bacon-eating army.

Just to prove that the couturiers have done with wool-gathering, these four suits in the various fashionable silks are shown. At the upper left is a summer suit of rajah silk in a soft beige shade. The coat is lined with white silk, which shows at the collar and where the coat turns back at the front. A narrow facing of black silk is used to outline the entire coat on the inside, and the effect is most attractive and unusual. The neck and the long tight sleeves are finished with a ruching of cream coloured batiste, hand hemstitched. The skirt is narrow at the ankles and has a deep hem of white silk bound with black.

The suit at the upper right is of black taffeta. The short Eton jacket, lined with soft white charmeuse, is cut away entirely at the front and is fastened at the neck with a narrow silk tie. Under this jacket is worn a soft pleated blouse of Georgette crêpe.

Black satin trimmed with narrow bindings of white satin is one of the newest combinations from Paris and is used for the youthful suit at the lower left of the page. All the lines of this suit are new, and the box coat and long tight underskirt are especially characteristic of this spring.

At the lower right is shown a one-piece dress and a coat in a combination of navy blue satin and French blue charmeuse. The upper part of the frock is of French blue charmeuse. It buttons in back as far as the end of the yoke on the skirt, and a soft crushed belt ties in a flat loop at the back. The round neck is outlined with navy blue satin. Narrow grey and black grosgrain ribbon ornaments trim the sleeves and the open darts at the neck. The box coat of navy blue satin is made on very simple lines; and a long row of buttons, which trims the entire front of the costume, emphasizes the general idea of straight and narrow lines which is characteristic of the spring silhouette, in its patriotic endeavour.

Narrow are the shoulders and straight is the skirt of this coat and one-piece dress. Thrift has become a habit, and the spring silhouette conserves space on the page

The SENSIBLE FABRICS ARE *the* FASHIONABLE ONES

First in Popularity Are Foulards of Dull or Lustrous Finish in Navy Blue or Black; Printed Chiffon, Voile, and Marquisette Follow Close Behind Them

IN these days when women are placing their wardrobes upon a war basis, materials, like all other things, must be considered from the standpoint of economy. There are wise and unwise economies, and to-day, when textiles are being produced under the most difficult conditions, and when it is impossible to make fine fabrics at small expense, it is almost invariably wiser to invest in thoroughly trustworthy stuffs. A suit which will not survive a shower and a dress which loses its shape and freshness after a few wearings are poor investments. To obtain materials, therefore, which are worth being made up (and the matter of making up also is more costly than in the past) a woman must reconcile herself to a greater expenditure. Let her curtail the number of her gowns, if necessary, but not the quality.

Fashions this season are exceedingly kind to the woman who is striving to dress sensibly. Indeed, they have been more or less "requisitioned by the government," which is not only having a great deal to say about what we do and what we eat, but may take a very firm hand in deciding what we must wear. For instance, the vogue of foulard, now definitely established, is distinctly in accord with the principle of dressing sensibly. A foulard frock is one of the best wearing garments which a woman can include in her wardrobe. Not too formal for morning and quite formal enough for afternoon wear, it may be worn during many hours of the day. If need be, wartime informality will even allow it to appear in the evening.

THE CHARM OF THE NEW FOULARDS

Some of the new foulards are exceedingly charming; they are attractive in design and exquisite in quality, and nothing drapes more beautifully than this silk. There are two types of the material, one of them dull of surface and the other printed on a satin ground. The blocked material at the extreme right in the sketch at the top of this page is one of the most unusual of the new foulards. It is called "dice spot" foulard and is printed with stripes composed of variously sized square spots. The material sketched is navy blue dotted with white; navy blue, by the way, is the most popular spring shade for foulard. Next in importance as a foulard colour is black; then come tan, taupe, and grey. At the left of the dice spot foulard is another dull-surfaced pattern with a most attractive all-over design. The ground is white, and it is almost entirely covered with a leaf design in a new shade called porcelain red, a colour which might be better described as Pompeian red. This shade is one of the few bright tones which have met with success this season. The photograph second from the lower left on this page shows another dice spot foulard, printed on a dull ground with a lustrous motif of the same shade distributed over its surface with stripe-like effect. The satin foulard at the extreme left is of a brown tone patterned in creamy white. The photograph in the right shows a navy blue satin foulard with an attractively vague design in a soft biscuit shade. The silks in the photographs second from the right in the lowest group and the one on the left just above, are black patterned in white; these materials would combine well with plain stuff of the same or of a contrasting weave. Another lustrous-surfaced black foulard, shown at the right above the lowest group, has crossbars of cream colour. This, too, is very effective when used in combinations.

MATERIALS FROM HAAS BROTHERS

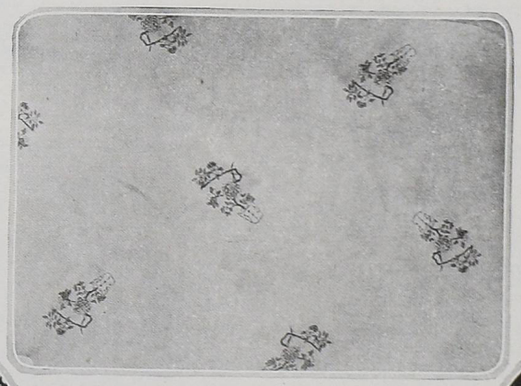
Printed materials, particularly foulards and chiffons, are very much in vogue. The midnight blue chiffon at the extreme left has a design in porcelain red, and below it is a geometric pattern of navy blue on white. On the right is a navy blue and white dice spot foulard

PRINTED CHIFFONS

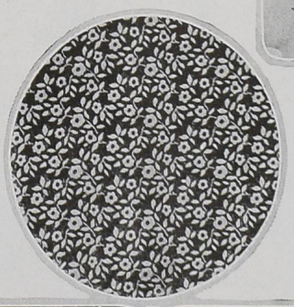
Next in importance to the foulards are the new printed chiffons. The designs are similar to the foulard patterns, though with a chiffon it is always possible to adopt a larger and bolder pattern than that which would be employed for a more substantial stuff, as its delicacy lends an illusively attractive vagueness to the design. Two printed chiffons are shown at the left in the sketch at the top of the page. That at the extreme left is a dull midnight blue, with a design of sharply pointed flowers and leaves in the new porcelain red. The geometric pattern which trails out below this material is printed in navy blue on white chiffon.

Chiffon and marquisette weaves of all kinds are distinctly in favour, and there is a tendency toward the use of voiles. Kitten's ear crêpe, a very soft satin on a crêpe foundation, is the ideal material for the dignified type of evening gown which promises to be adopted for formal occasions during the spring and summer, and Georgette satin, which lends itself well to tailoring, will undoubtedly be used for many smart suits and wraps. There has been an inclination, of late, towards the use of printed linings. Outdoor clothes promise to be severe and simple, and their plainness is relieved by a gay lining. One of the most desirable of the new printed linings, a silk pongee, is shown in the photograph in the middle of this page; it comes in a number of colours, scattered with quaint little potted flowers.

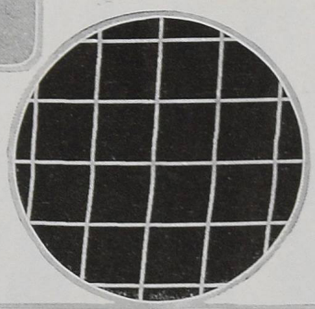
Though not new this season, sylvette is a material which is being much used for Palm Beach clothes and spring gowns. It is an outdoor silk with the general appearance and draping qualities of a knit fabric, yet it is a woven material which retains its shape well. Velours, tricot serges, and the military and Chéruit twills will continue to be worn. Other smart materials are finely twilled coverts, needlecord velours, the new reindeer cloth, like a fine light velours, and reindeer twill — the very same material, but with the difference of a fine diagonal twill.



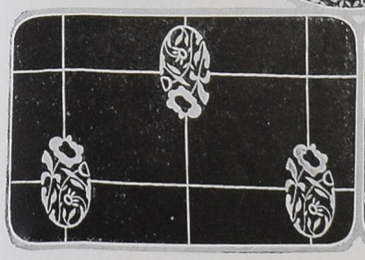
Gay patterns will line the coats of spring; quaint little potted flowers are printed on this silk pongee lining



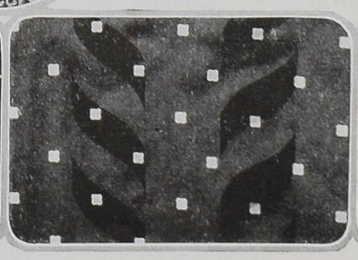
Black and white foulards combined with a plain material are very popular



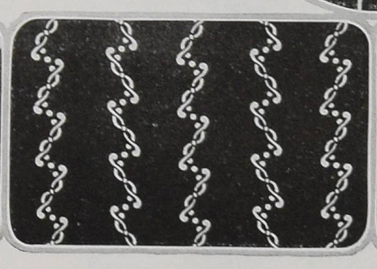
A smart foulard has cream coloured crossbars on its lustrous black surface



Foulard is a particularly satisfactory material, for it wears unusually well, and it also drapes beautifully



In a frock of this dice spot foulard, one is strictly in accord with present principles, of sensible dressing



A frock of this black and white foulard is not too formal for mornings and formal enough for afternoons

The most popular foulard colour, navy blue, is the background for an attractive design in biscuit colour

KURZMAN INTRODUCES US TO THESE THREE NEW ARRIVALS FROM PARIS

POSED BY
LEONORE HUGHES

It hardly seems fair for Rose Descat to persist in making small hats for young and pretty faces—hats that make those faces look still younger and prettier, —but she's done it again in this close-fitting affair of narrow strips of felt combined with narrow taffeta ribbon. The trimming is as original as the hat; there are two stiff quills in navy blue, polka dotted in white, going all the way round it

Hearing that aeroplanes may win the war, Berthe Yerles proves that an aeroplane hat, too, has a winning way. It is, of course, wide from one side to the other and narrow from back to front. The crown, which follows the line of the hat, is a tam o' shanter affair of black satin. Then—and this is the secret of its success—there are openings at the sides with accordion-pleated inserts of stiff black satin

Tulle has done many kind things for the modern woman; it has a certain misty charm that is all its own until it lends it to some fair wearer. Here it makes an evening hat —a soft cloudy affair with a high transparent crown and a finely shirred brim. The brim is finished with a heavy roll of electric blue satin, and there is a gay wreath of silk and satin hand-made flowers in vivid colourings; hat from Marie Louise

Baron de Meyer

THE LAST SMART TOUCH

This spring, a suit will feel positively incomplete without a long batiste collar ($6), but quite correct if smartly collared and topped by a quill-trimmed sailor; $28

The rest of one's costume becomes comparatively insignificant beside a velvet band with a rhinestone clasp; $9.50. A Hudson seal cape is another way to make one's neck arrangement charming; $35. Straw turban has ostrich feathers; $35

On the chilly days of spring and summer a beaver collar becomes a pleasant necessity; $60. Some of the new small hats are very very small—and equally becoming; $25

ONE of the important points in the costume of the well-dressed woman and one which gives a special opportunity for individuality and good taste, is the arrangement of collar, fur, or ornament at the neck. The becomingness of the entire costume depends, to a considerable degree, upon some touch at the neck. Especially in the spring should this detail of dress receive a large amount of attention. Several neck arrangements are suggested in the sketches on this page, and all of them have been chosen because they are both generally becoming and very smart.

Sketched at the upper left on this page is a particularly novel and becoming collar of batiste. It is long, narrow, and straight in cut, with pointed ends embroidered with dots and eyelets. The hat shown in the same sketch is a large sailor shape of black liséré straw faced with black satin. It rolls up at one side and is trimmed with a tan satin ribbon ending in a little pump bow through which a tan quill is thrust.

A BECOMING NECK ORNAMENT

The velvet band mounted with a jewelled slide is becoming to almost every woman, except to one who is very young. This type of neck ornament may be worn at any time during the day after the early morning hours but is best suited to a costume which has some suggestion, at least, of formality. The band shown in the sketch at the upper middle of this page is half an inch wide and has a slide of rhinestones set in silverite and a rhinestone clasp at the back. The same sketch shows a mushroom hat of brown straw trimmed with navy blue ostrich feathers, and a pelerine of Hudson seal, which is both graceful and becoming when thrown loosely around the shoulders.

Another style of jewelled slide and clasp mounted on a velvet band is sketched at the lower right on this page. The velvet is one inch wide and the slide, also of rhinestones set in silverite, is oblong. The unusual cape is of moleskin with a small ermine collar and is lined with satin. In the same sketch is a large hat of tête de nègre straw with a brown taffeta band making the side of the crown and a brown taffeta facing. Dark brown ostrich feathers trim the upper brim.

Just a touch of organdie, in the shape of a new guimpe, makes a whole frock smarter; $4.25. All sorts of gay flowers bloom on the newest hats of spring; $28

A becoming complement to a formal costume is a velvet band with a jewelled clasp ($9.50); a cape of moleskin and ermine ($50); and a feather-trimmed hat; $30

FURS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

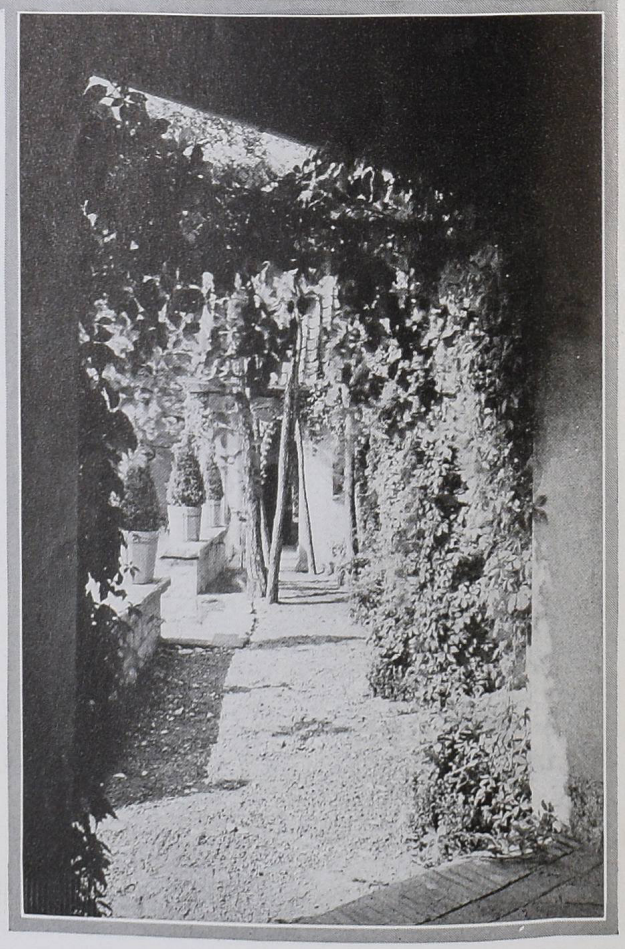
The sketch at the upper right on this page shows an unusual collar of beaver. The high collar has narrower strips of fur at each end, one of which slips through a slit at the side of the collar, while the other is drawn through the first end and allowed to hang free. The hat shown in this sketch is of navy blue straw with a band of navy blue picot-edged ribbon and a plaid buckle. It is often difficult to find simple well-cut guimpes, but the one sketched at the lower left answers the requirements. It is of sheer white organdie with an organdie tie on the collar. The hat of black liséré straw has little clusters of grey and red flowers mounted on an Alice blue ribbon which encircles the crown.

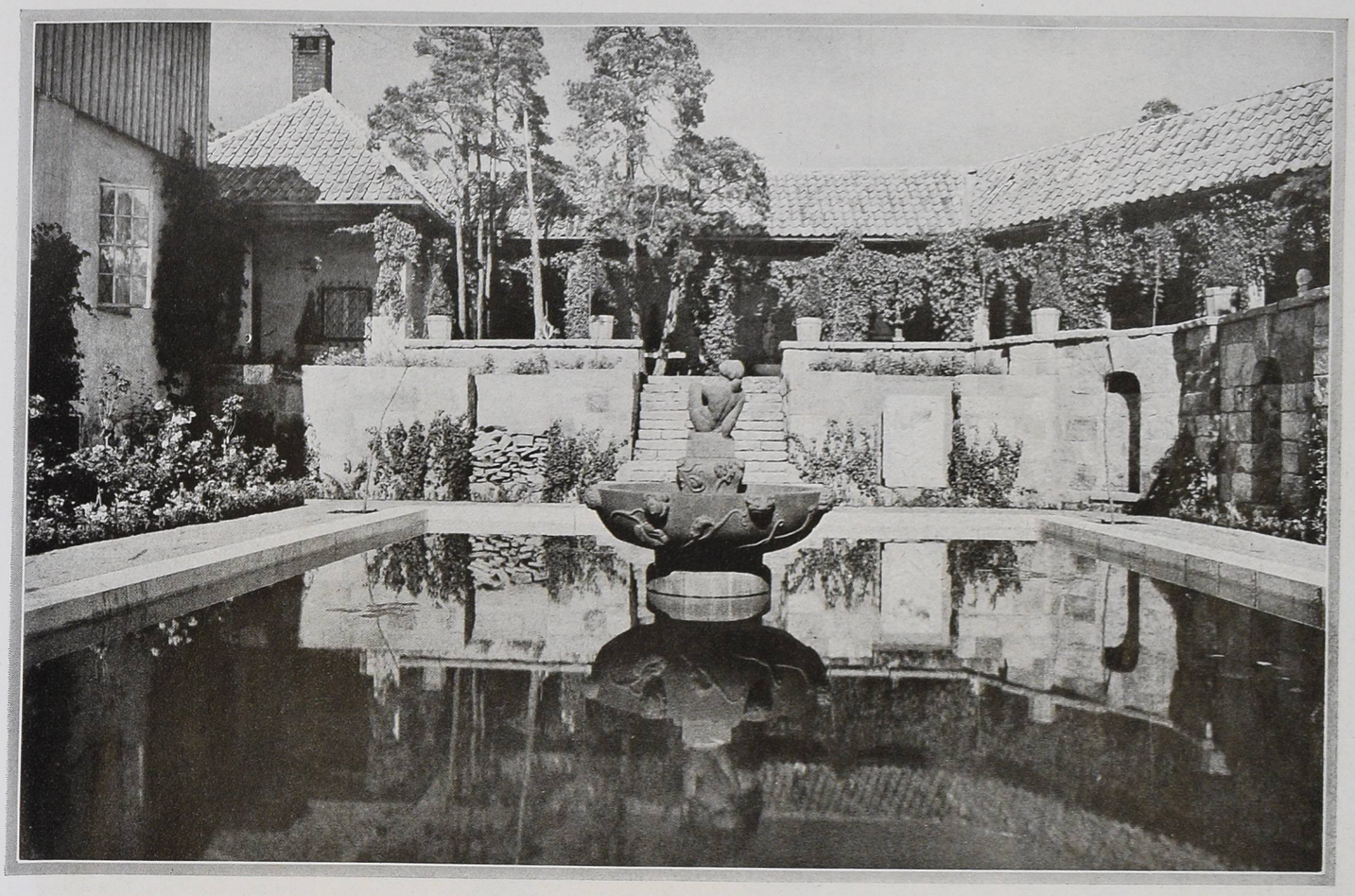
A lattice screen divides the upper terrace. Sculpture is scattered about

(Left) A glimpse of the steps leading up to the shelter of the cloister gallery

(Right) View from the cloister along the upper terrace to the house

THE GARDEN *of* CARL MILLES AT LIDINGO, SWEDEN





The retaining walls are divided by pilasters and niches in which will be placed pieces of sculpture. The walls, of hewn stone, are laid in mortar, but the steps are set in earth to allow vegetation

The sculptor's famous statue of Suzanna, executed in black granite, forms the center of interest. Walks around the pool are large flagstones. A cloister circles the pool and connects with the house

SEEN *in the* SHOPS

Gingham, in pink or blue checks, is wholly at ease in company with this Georgette crêpe blouse; flesh or white; $7.90

A brassière thus combining lace with satin or linen gives service with this appearance; $3.95

It is double collars and cuffs of sheer organdie that make this French voile blouse so especially attractive; $5.75

A crêpe de Chine blouse, with a black and white tie, has just the trimness that should go with a tailored suit price, $6.95

THE usual cry at this season is, "What is the silhouette to be?" But this spring the silhouette is definitely decided. One must be slim, for the working basis of all fashion is the conservation of materials, not only wool fabrics, but all materials.

This aim was the inspiration of the short covert cloth coat sketched on the opposite page, at the lower left. It is interesting to note that although the new costumes use the minimum amount of cloth, they have not the faintest suggestion of tightness, but rather give an air of great freedom. The skirt in the same sketch is extremely effective when worn with this type of coat. It is of dark green velours, although it may be ordered in practically any colour.

Distinctly for motor or general utility wear is the coat sketched at the upper left of the opposite page; it may be had in various kinds of materials—silvertone, velours, and gabardine, in blues and tans and in a greenish tweed mixture. The hat is of coarse cream white straw, entirely overlaid with worsted embroidery; it may be had in any colour with a corresponding facing of satin; $15.

Havana brown taffeta is used in the frock illustrated in the middle of the same page. The bodice is quite snugly fitted, with a row of buttons to relieve the severity of the back. Silk-embroidered collars and cuffs of yellow organdie finish the gracefully long neck-line and tight sleeves. The underskirt is finely pleated to accentuate the flare of the straight tunic banded with blocks of wool embroidery in self colour. This frock is also attractive in navy blue or grey. The flatness of the crown of the Georgette crêpe hat sketched with this frock makes it unusual. This hat may be ordered in any colour, and the use of a darker shade in the under-brim facing of liséré straw and the ribbon bow makes an interesting effect; $12.

The gown sketched at the lower right on this page is fashioned of radium silk with a long-waisted blouse of Georgette crêpe, heavily embroidered in silk of the colour of the rest of the frock. The stole-like drapery fringed with silk cord is caught in by narrow belts which tie at the back. This gown has especially good lines; it comes in French blue, black, or navy blue. In the same sketch, the Georgette crêpe hat of any colour one may wish has quite a picturesque brim, very narrow at the back. It widens in an odd little curve at the sides and is slightly narrower again in the front. The contrasting colour of the Georgette crêpe facing is repeated in the small ostrich tip decorating the crown. The whole effect is extremely piquant and attractive, and the price is a modest one; $12.

One's favourite sport is half won if begun in an effective costume. Over a white crêpe de Chine frock the enthusiast wears vivid French flannel coatee; price, $34.50

A pink satin corset with an elastic waist-line gives the figure desirable straight lines without tightness; $2.95

This mercerized brocade model, lacing in the front, assures a flat back and freedom above the waist-line; $6.50

This frock of radium silk is given excellent lines by the long-waisted embroidered blouse and the drapery fringed with silk and held in by narrow belts; $39.50

Though modestly priced, this coat is in every way well made; it is generally useful, but especially for motoring; $29.50

Grey Georgette crêpe and grey radium silk divide the honours of the frock shown at the lower right on this page. The sleeves, fichu, vest, and tucked panels in both the front and back of the skirt are of the crêpe, and the silk forms the rest, with the exception of the narrow belt of self material, piped with silver and rose. This frock, with a flesh tinted china silk slip, comes also in beige and navy blue. The hat sketched with it is also of Georgette crêpe, bound and trimmed with grosgrain ribbon; it comes in any colour; price, $18.

FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS

The foundation of the sport's costume sketched on the opposite page at the lower left is a crêpe de Chine frock of the shirt and pleated skirt type, but the real feature of the dress is the brilliant French flannel coatee of blue, green, or yellow. A hat which seems only a swirl of soft, crushable rose straw, with worsted stitching ending in worsted balls, is also shown in this sketch; $15.

The suit sketched at the right on this page is of dark blue serge, hand tailored and bound with narrow silk braid. The short coat is well fitted over the shoulders and shows the slightly raised waist-line. The close-fitting hat shown with this suit is of black liséré straw, with a black satin crown encircled with black ostrich tips; $15.

The popularity of gingham is still continuing; on the Georgette crêpe blouse sketched at the upper left of the opposite page, it is used for collar and cuffs. This collar, like a fichu, with its knot of ruffled Georgette crêpe, fits well up on the back of the neck. The blouse comes in either flesh or white Georgette crêpe, with the gingham in tiny blue or pink checks.

The attractive French voile blouse sketched at the upper right of the opposite page, in the middle, has double collar and cuffs of sheer organdie; its tiny organdie-covered buttons are decorative only, for pearl buttons are the actual medium of closing.

IN THE INTEREST OF STRAIGHT LINES

White or flesh pink crêpe de Chine makes the blouse at the upper right of page 68. This blouse has a black and white taffeta tie and a large buttonhole bound to match. The collar may be worn either high or low, and the tie and buttonhole may also be had in blue and white taffeta.

The return of the straight skirt makes the return of the straight figure a necessity. Again, as in the lines of the clothes, there must be no suggestion of tightness in the corset, though as a matter of fact the hips should be more closely confined than in the immediate past. For the woman of medium figure is designed the corset sketched at the right in the middle of page 68. It gives freedom above the waist-line, the boning is placed so as to cause no discomforture at the hips, and the front lacing assures a flat back. This model is of mercerized brocade and has the finish of a far more expensive corset.

Another type of corset is sketched at the left; this is of pink satin with an elastic waist-line. Care should be exercised in putting on a corset of this sort, which is designed to fit both the medium and the very slim figure. It is essential that the top of the corset should be as low in the front as in the back, and if one gives a downward pull to the laces before tying them, there will be no break in the smooth lines of the back.

The brassière sketched just above is so boned that it gives perfect service without being unnecessarily stiff. A very fine quality of imitation Cluny lace is combined with either satin or linen, as one chooses, and the result combines daintiness with practicality in a way that will recommend it to any woman. Such a garment is one of those indispensable to trim appearance.

This version of the perennial blue serge suit is bound with silk braid and the coat has the slightly raised waist-line; $29.50

Little details, as the turned collar, cuffs, and hem, give a different air to this wool-conserving coat; $65. The narrow skirt is effective in dark green velours; $28

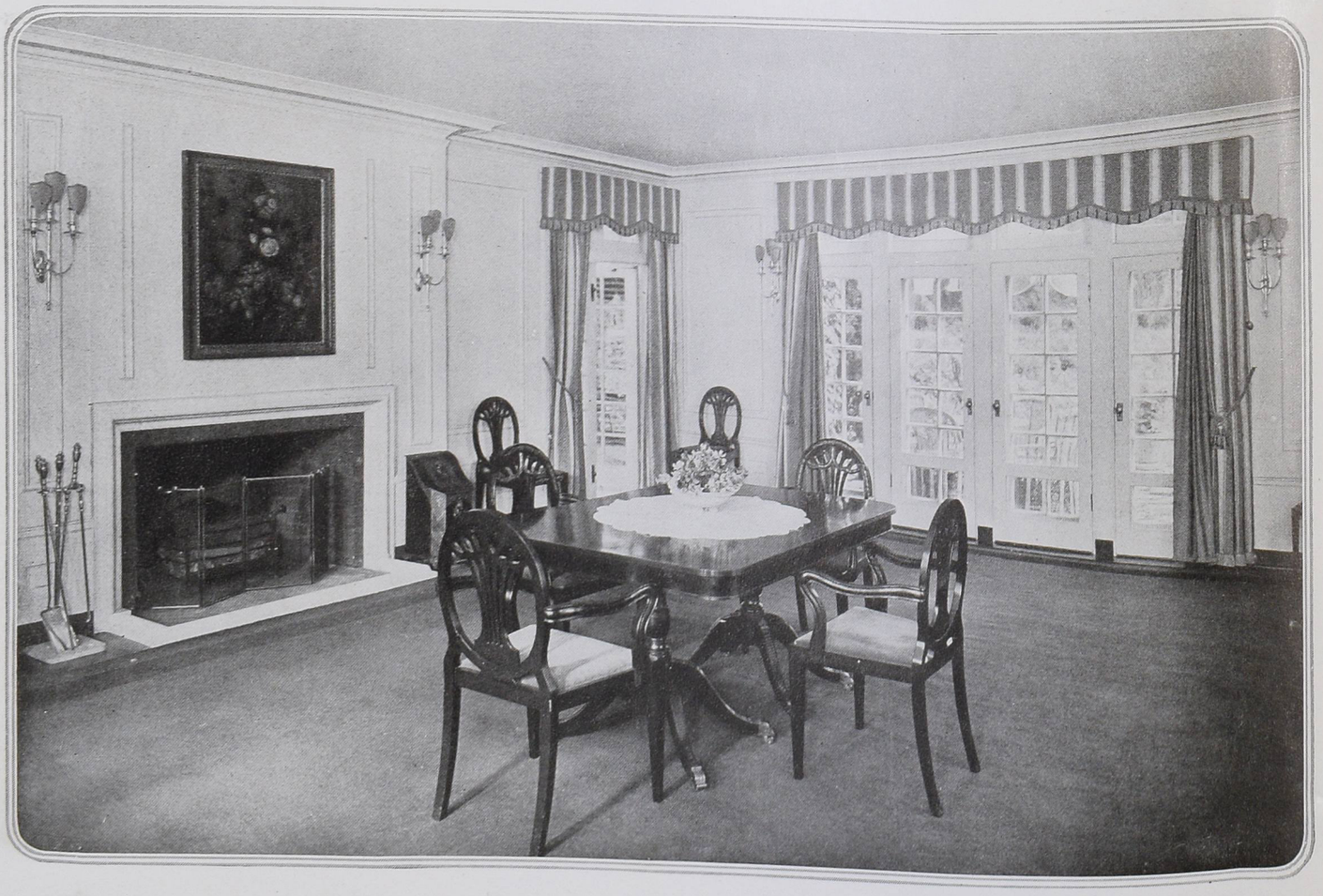
The lines of this taffeta frock, with its finely pleated underskirt, are gracefully long. There are organdie collar and cuffs and blocks of wool embroidery; Havana brown, navy blue, or grey; $29.50

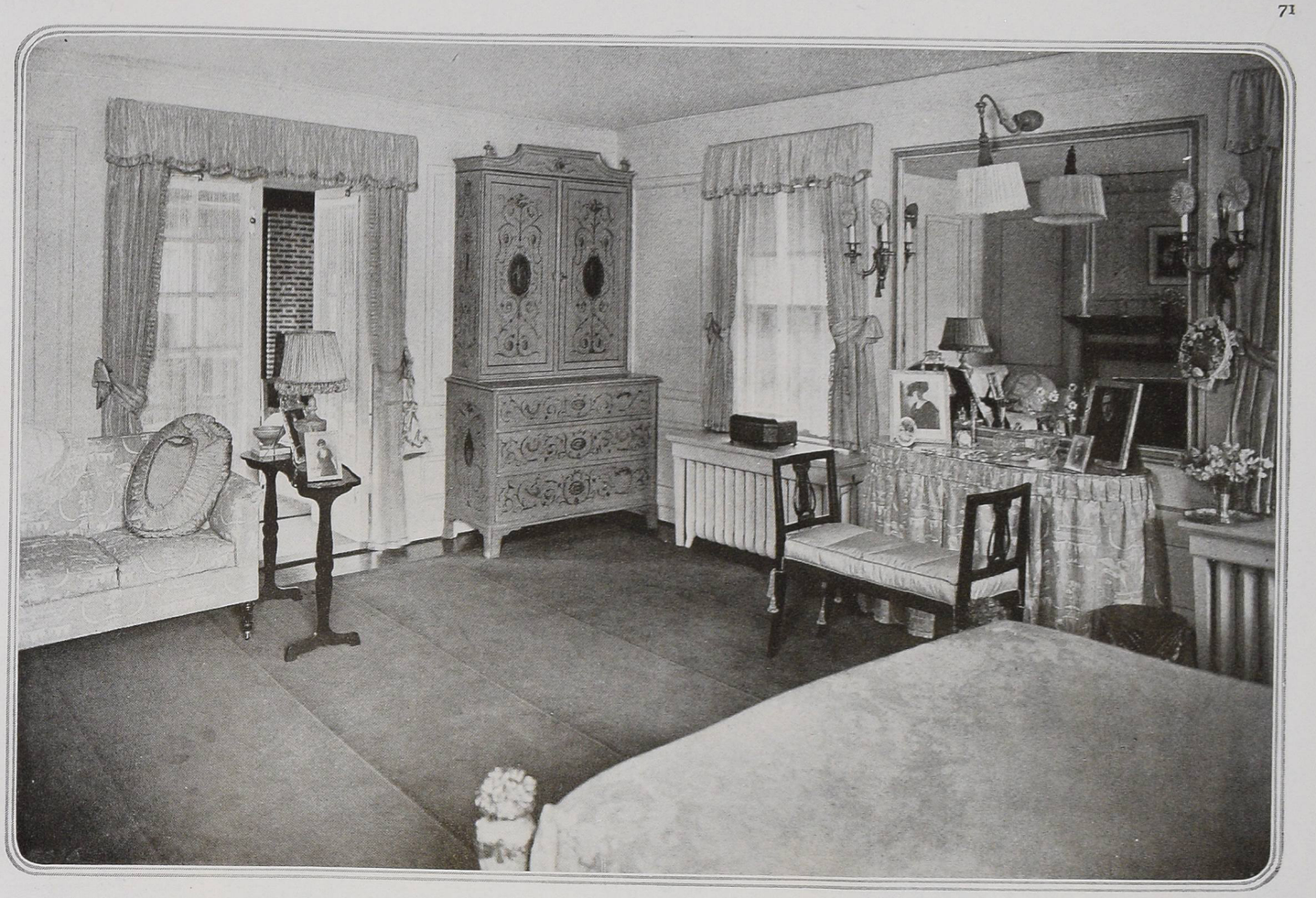
When radium silk and Georgette crêpe are so charmingly combined, they make an afternoon frock of which one does not tire; grey, beige, or navy blue; $32.50

Fuermann

Four rooms from the residence of Mrs. Laurance H. Armour, Lake Forest, Ill. The living room combines in restraint 18th Century Italian, French and some English furniture. Walls pale Adam green, rug gray

The simplicity of the dining room is found in the paneled background, the fireplace and the combination of Heppelwhite chairs with a Phyfe table. Vertical lines of hangings counteract the effect of broad doors





The library is a comfortable working room, with dignified open shelves, deep and comfortable chairs and a painted writing table in front of the windows. Miss Gheen, decorator of these rooms

In this bedroom the curtains are champagne colored silk with blue fringe. The cabinet is an 18th Century Italian reproduction. A late 18th Century Italian window seat serves for dressing table bench

A LITTLE QUEEN ANNE HOUSE ARRANGED AND DECORATED IN A MANNER OF QUIET DAINTINESS AND EXQUISITE RESTRAINT

THE cry has gone up in London for the "Little House." So many stately homes for various reasons since the war have been given up, their owners contenting themselves with more restricted space, that at present in London the little house of old-world charm is almost unobtainable. For those who wish to be the lucky owners of these typically London homes this delightful arrangement of an old Queen Anne house is shown. From the front door one faces a delightfully roomy hall carpeted with soft green, and with cream painted panelling on the walls.

The little panelled apartments are full of a homely dignity, and breathe an air of quiet freshness and serenity. Rare pieces of Chinese lacquer and Queen Anne walnut furniture seem to have grown on the actual spot where they are placed, so unquestionable is the harmony pervading the whole house.

Chinese needlework pictures share the honours with old French gilded mirrors as decorations on the panelled walls. Pale lavender, arranged in a clear glass bowl, reflects itself in a green lacquer mirror

DECORATION BY MISS FRITH

The panelled walls of the drawing room (which is two rooms thrown into one) are painted a cool green-blue; the spotted chintz is of the same colour. The corded silk curtains are also of green-blue

Rare pieces of Chinese lacquer and Queen Anne walnut furniture seem to have grown on the actual spot on which they are placed, so unquestionable is the harmony pervading the house throughout

The spacious little hall has been made by removing superfluous walls, and has two long windows and a garden door leading into a charming paved courtyard, over which a fig tree spreads its branches

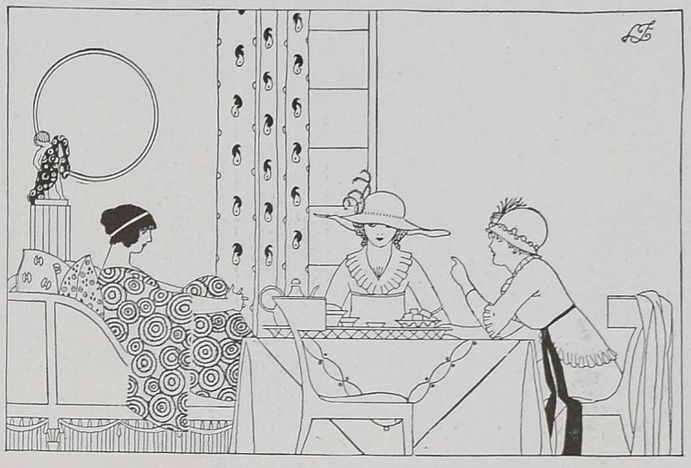
The library, like the rest of the house, is panelled, and its walls are painted a warm cream colour. Printed linen of a bold rich design covers the charming furniture, making a lovely glow of colour in the room

SERVING *the* ALLIES *by* VOLUNTARY RATIONING

(*Continued from page 48*)

the country looked to them for methods of conserving food. He said that although a food-saving scheme had been devised for people of limited means, it was the wealthier class who must save the great bulk. An advisory committee was appointed to distribute pledges to 60,000 well-to-do families in New York, urging them to adopt the "short ration" schedule. The pledge reads, "I promise the United States Food Administration to ration my household according to the regulations set forth in this card. Signed . . ." This is printed on a stiff card with a hole in the top and is to be hung in the kitchen. A government postcard bearing the same signed pledge is returned to headquarters and filed there. On receipt of the postcard, a window card is sent to the signer of the pledge. This card reads:

"IN HONOUR BOUND
WE ADOPT
THE NATIONAL SCALE
OF
VOLUNTARY RATIONS"



Among the women who agreed to put themselves and their families on "short rations" were Miss Mary Wood, Mrs. William Lawrence Wood, Mrs. Chalmers Wood, Mrs. Edwin C. Jameson, Mrs. H. Gloster Armstrong, Mrs. E. M. Padelford, Mrs. E. M. B. Roche, Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Henry Seligman, Mrs. Gardiner Gayley, Mrs. Daniel C. French, Mrs. Harry H. Flagler, Mrs. Stephen H. Olin, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, Mrs. William Bayard Cutting, Mrs. Henry Winthrop Gray, Mrs. J. R. Sheffield, Mrs. J. Bulkley, Miss Clara B. Spence, Mrs. Frederick B. Pratt, Mrs. Edward Calvin Moën, Mrs. Clifford B. Harmon, Mrs. Ramsay Turnbull, Mrs. Francis M. Scott, Mrs. Brayton Ives, Mrs. E. T. H. Taimage, Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard, Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Mrs. E. M. House, Mrs. J. Frederic Tams, Mrs. James A. Burden, junior, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. George B. Post, Mrs. Charles E. Hughes, Mrs. E. L. Winthrop, Mrs. James B. Duke, Mrs. J. T. Atterbury, Mrs. Charles H. Marshall, Mrs. James W. Gerard, Mrs. W. Bourke Cockran, Mrs. George F. Baker, junior, Miss Jean Greer, Mrs. Gifford Cochran, Mrs. Francis C. Bishop, Mrs. Robert L. Gerry, Mrs. O. D. Smith, Mrs. W. D. Guthrie, Mrs. Charles Steele, Mrs. W. F. Whitehouse, Mrs. John Magee, Mrs. Walter Maynard, Mrs. William McAdoo, Mrs. George Scott, Miss C. L. Frelinghuysen, Mrs. Warner M. Leeds, Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, Mrs. Condé Nast, Mrs. Benjamin Prince, Mrs. R. Fulton Cutting, Mrs. Whitney Warren, Mrs. William Greenough, and Mrs. Douglas Robinson.

Women in other cities are urged to adopt a similar plan. By writing to the Food Administration at Washington they may obtain more detailed information in regard to the conservation of food. It is hoped that this idea, so enthusiastically launched in New York, will spread from city to city throughout the United States and result in a great tidal wave of conservation by the people who can best carry out the provisions of this pledge. The Food Administration realizes that this matter of substitution is going to be an expensive affair, and that it is a matter for the well-to-do and not for the poor. The poor must continue to do pretty much as they have always done. It is useless to talk to them of using expensive flours instead of cheap ones or of eating game and poultry instead of meat. They are already, to a great extent, conserving food as much as they can. Let the well-to-do, therefore, accept this responsibility and assist the government.

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

(*Continued from page 55*)

tailor or a dressmaker a design of this kind, as the heaviness of the material and the strictly tailored cut demand expert workmanship from those who are accustomed to handling mannish materials. The mere matter of proper pressing for such a garment is beyond most dressmakers. This sketch shows a well-tailored coat with the English cut and raglan sleeves; it is of soft black tweed, checked with a white line. Heavy bands of stitching, the sole trimming on the coat, are used to finish its outer edges, and the buttons are of black bone. This coat will be made to measure, in this or other tweed or mixture, for $75. It is just the conservative type which remains in fashion for years and gives splendid service the whole time it is worn.

REVIVING AN AFTERNOON FROCK

Here is a really new idea which solves the problem of how to get every bit of wear out of a Georgette crêpe or chiffon frock. Recently a smart woman, whose income the war has greatly reduced, wore to a luncheon a short satin coat, similar to an Eton jacket, over a simple frock of dark chiffon. Of course, an Eton jacket of satin does not sound like an inexpensive accessory for a woman of reduced means, but when it is worn over a last summer's afternoon dress of navy blue chiffon, it immediately shows its practicality. The satin jacket was of an unusual midnight blue shade and was bound with inch-wide flat silk braid of cherry colour. It was lined throughout with cherry chiffon, and the long tight sleeves were tied with bands of cherry braid. A jacket of this sort may easily be copied, as it is a straight cut-away coat with set-in sleeves, requiring two and a quarter yards. An excellent value is offered in satin, forty inches wide, at $2.85 a yard. If one entertains a great deal at luncheon or tea at home, several of these satin jackets would prove an invaluable aid to the wardrobe. If an afternoon dress of chiffon, Georgette crêpe, or even satin, is a little worn or shabby about the neck and sleeves, a slip-on coat in a bright or an odd colour will not only brighten the costume, but give a touch of distinct and really surprising newness.

For the tailor-made suit, a blouse which is also cut on distinctly Eton lines has been especially designed for Vogue and is suggested in soft grey crêpe de Chine; as the sketch at the upper right of page 54 shows, this blouse buttons on one of the curved lines at the front, and the upper part is cut in one piece running over the shoulders. From this kimono line, the sleeves are quite full and extend into a straight tight cuff. A pussy-willow crêpe, forty inches wide, is priced at $2.50 a yard and is as durable as it is soft and lovely. Three yards would be required to copy this blouse.

NEW YORK CONFORMS *to* NEW RULES

(*Continued from page 37*)

woman in one of the boxes is sketched in the middle on page 37. She had wound about her head, turban fashion, a broad old-rose satin ribbon from beneath which not so much as a single ringlet was permitted to stray. The only bit of hair visible was the cluster of little black curls emerging from the top, and their raven hue was repeated in her long jet earrings.

One observes at the opera and elsewhere the increasing use of the bouquet of fresh flowers. This was one of the most notable features of the wholly interesting costume sketched at the bottom of page 37, in the middle, and worn by Mrs. John Purroy Mitchel, one evening, at the Ritz. Her gown of mulberry velvet, closely draped about the figure and ending in a train, was supported by shoulder-straps of silver and had very short sleeves of net, so fine that at a little distance they were entirely invisible; they ended in bands of silver passementerie which were so marked as to give somewhat the effect of a bracelet worn about the upper arm. Mrs. Mitchel's hair was coiffed after a fashion characteristic of her, high at the front like the crest of a bird, and thrust into it at sharp angles were two jet spikes distinctly Japaneseque in suggestion. Quite the cleverest detail of the costume, however, was the stiff little bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley attached in a primly vertical position to the left shoulder-strap of her bodice. In her hand she carried a shaggy fan of cream coloured ostrich feathers.

SOME INTERESTING COSTUMES

Mrs. Leonard Thomas, who was dining at the Ritz that same evening, wore the very unusual and graceful gown of lusterless black velvet sketched at the lower left on page 37. It was fashioned on very straight loose lines with straight loose sleeves, and bands of jet passementerie, accentuating the slender lines of the figure and arms, were its only ornamentation. A simple string of soft-toned pearls was worn about the neck.

Day and evening, the Ritz is still the rendezvous of well-known people. There are always a number of smartly gowned women and distinguished men, many of the latter in uniform, to be seen dining there or sitting in the lounge. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, when lunching with a party of friends the other day, wore a very graceful hat of taupe velours with taupe aigrettes posed sharply at the left side of the drooping brim; it is sketched at the upper right on page 37.

The fact that the collar really makes the gown had a practical demonstration in the costume of a young woman of another party, who is shown in the opposite sketch. Her gown of dark cloth was cut on the simplest of lines, and the low-cut neck was outlined by a very narrow collar of exquisitely fine cream coloured batiste, which was delicately embroidered over its entire surface and slashed twice at the front.

AMONG THE YOUNGER SET

Wednesday, which is Army and Navy night at the Club de Vingt, always finds a number of the good dancers of the younger set on the floor. Among them, the other evening, was a young girl who wore the very unusual and attractive dance frock sketched at the lower right on page 37. It was fashioned of layers of cream coloured chiffon. The long panels at the back and front were of this same material and were outlined with rather heavy jet beads and caught in at the waist with a broad jet girdle. The moderately low neck-line was finished with a narrower band of jet, and the silver slippers were worn with dark mulberry toned stockings. The coiffure of the softly waving hair was very close and trim; this young girl made, indeed, a very charming figure among the dancers who were on the floor.

THE GARDEN *of* AN ARTIST

One of the most picturesque gardens in the vicinity of that picturesque city Stockholm is owned by the young Swedish sculptor, Carl Milles. It was designed by him to give setting for some of his works and was made, in the main, from odd bits of architectural details picked up here and there. The column came from the old Royal Opera House.

MAKERS of MUSIC

(*Continued from page 49*)

Amelita Galli-Curci the supreme coloratura soprano of her age.

Those who heard her asked each other whether there had ever been another such night in New York. The coming of Mary Garden and Enrico Caruso, they agreed, afforded no parallel, for both were famous before they reached America. They asked their fathers if they had ever lived through such an experience, and the fathers asked the grandfathers. Those whose memories were now vague muttered something about Adelina Patti and Jenny Lind, but it could not be established that the first appearances of these singers were more impressive than Galli-Curci's. Then her hearers began to "compare voices." Patti, said the grandfathers, was a more astonishing virtuosa; but did Patti herself trill more easily? Tetrazzini doubtless possesses more sheer vocal power; but can one compare a metallic and uneven voice with an instrument so smooth and poetic as this? Sembrich was as great a vocal artist, for none could be greater; but was Sembrich, who laboured for years before she brought her voice to maturity, endowed so remarkably as this slight and modest woman? Melba was (or rather, still is) endowed with a voice unparalleled in her generation; but Melba herself was never so amazingly fluent and sure in her high florid passages and, moreover, was never more than a wandering stranger in the art of operatic acting. Grandfathers and grandchildren alike agreed that though a few singers possess certain qualities a trifle more richly, none could show a more astonishing combination of natural beauty of voice with cunning skill in using it than Galli-Curci shows at the present moment.

GALLI-CURCI SCORES A TRIUMPH

Then arose the question, "If Galli-Curci is so obviously supreme, why was she not engaged at the Metropolitan Opera House?" It was well known that before going to Chicago she had sung for Gatti-Casazza and had been rejected. Moreover, she had sung for years in Italy and South America without causing the slightest ripple on the trans-Atlantic cables. The answer which rumbled from out of the Metropolitan was that when she had sung there she had flatted terribly, had, in fact, been quite unable to keep to the pitch. It was common gossip, too, that Campanini, in Chicago, had felt little confidence in her for that reason and had announced her for two performances only, little dreaming of the future which actually lay before her. It was the audience, and an American audience, which had done the "discovering." In justice to the experts, one must allow some validity to the story of her flatting. Indeed, there were traces of it in her New York début and still more marked evidences of it in her early Chicago appearances. It would seem that suddenly, almost over night, her voice had grown to maturity and that the friendliness of the audience gave to her the ease and confidence which finally removed that cause of all flatting, nervous strain. Such untruthfulness to pitch as she showed in New York was plainly due to the nervousness incident to the task of "living up to a reputation" such as no star has had, in advance of her début, in a generation. The applause which greeted Galli-Curci, as she walked upon the stage for the first time, following her sportive goat, was enough to disconcert operatic nerves far more hardened than hers. With the timidity of a child, it seemed, she sang her first limpid arias. Her voice was indeed beautiful, but some of the tiny fioriture were not quite true, and at least once she sustained a note which was quite false. The audience felt this and the cause of it, and reserved judgment. Once again the dramatic moment of the final verdict was postponed. It came in the "Shadow Song" of the second act. In the supreme instant Galli-Curci rose to supreme heights. The house thundered; the opera was stopped in its tracks. It became evident that there would be no more "Dinorah" that night if the "Shadow Song" were not repeated. And repeated it was. The act then came quickly to a close, and the curtain calls began. Many started to count them, but after the tenth the count was lost. The atmosphere was not favourable to exact mathematics. For all temperate thought was drowned in the sight of the frail little singer, of a pure Italian beauty such as the Madonnas of the great painters have consecrated, bowing in girlish gratitude and delight, and with her arms crossed closely upon her breast.

A SURPASSINGLY LOVELY VOICE

There is little to be said of flawless things save that they are flawless. Galli-Curci's voice may be summed up in the statement that it is what we should all like every coloratura voice to be. It ranges from the highest notes in which soprano rôles are written, well down into the middle region of the piano, where so many high voices become weak and inexpressive. Throughout its whole range it is of an even purity. The "registers" blend without a flaw at any point. And, throughout, the tone has that velvet softness, that gentle and soothing colour which is so noticeably lacking in the voice of Tetrazzini and many another coloratura. This tone is equally at the singer's command in loud and soft passages, and is almost as lovely in her fioriture as in her exquisite cantilenas. Her trills are perhaps most wonderful of all, being not the "shakes" which pass for trills among so many sopranos, but a true series of alternating tones, each pure, full, and true. All the difficulties which Verdi and Meyerbeer have put into their soprano rôles, she compasses fluently. But it is the quiet ease with which she does this that most rouses the enthusiasm of her audience. The tone seems to have no physical impact. It floats from her throat as though it came from some invisible bell. What more can be asked of a singer? When a voice of unsurpassed loveliness is used with almost flawless technique by a young and beautiful singer gifted with a vivid dramatic instinct, the summit has been reached. New York is prepared to sit down for another operatic generation or two before it will be able to say: "That reminds me of Galli-Curci's first appearance. Marvellous evening, that!"

THE CHICAGO COMPANY

But New York is still asking how Gatti-Casazza came to reject this surprising artist. The ceaseless symphony of grumbling against the Metropolitan has now acquired a new double bass note. It is not enough that the New York opera house can still boast, in Frieda Hempel, one of the greatest coloratura singers, one whose voice and artistry are quite worthy of comparison with those of Galli-Curci. The prestige has gone to Campanini. Chicago "has" Galli-Curci and "has" her, by virtue of an iron contract, for three more seasons. New York is modest in these latter days. It is a wholesome feeling for a city which exuberant local patriots have called "the operatic centre of the world."

It remains to be recorded of Campanini's company that it did very well indeed in its New York season and established itself as an organization quite on a plane, in most respects, with that of the Metropolitan. With Mary Garden, Nellie Melba, Geneviève Vix, Rosa Raisa, Lucien Muratore, and Georges Baklanoff as stars, not to mention Anna Fitziu, Myrna Sharlow, Marguerite Sylva, Louise Berat, Hector Dufranne, and Guilo Crimi, all most capable and distinguished singers, it can very probably stand comparison, item for item, with any other opera company in the world. Its orchestra is not yet so excellent as that of the Metropolitan. Its scenery is needlessly tawdry. But its sheer effectiveness with an operatic public, thanks largely to Campanini's executive genius, can hardly be surpassed anywhere.

It is disappointing to set down that another American opera, "Azora," composed by Henry Hadley and well sung with Anna Fitziu in the leading part, has left but an indifferent impression. It has come to be accepted that every American opera company must "do its bit" for the country each season with the production of one or more American works, and the numberless disappointments are doubtless to be justified by that not impossible master work which will some day appear. But Mr. Hadley, in treating a highly operatic tale of an Aztec princess in the time of Cortez's invasion of Mexico, has not been able to summon sufficiently the dramatic voice needed to make his characters live on the stage. It is good music, for all that, but the distinctly operatic quality comes from only a few composers in a generation.

CONCERT ARTISTS

Musical New York, being much exercised over the operatic war, has been somewhat neglectful of the subtler pleasures of the concert-hall. People have come loyally, it is true, to listen to the virtuosi. They have likewise been steadfast in their devotion to string quartet recitals and afternoons of violin sonatas. But the heart of the city, in recent weeks, has not been in this music. The amusement of comparing the great, one with another, an amusement which the present season has stimulated to an unusual degree, is one which tends to distract the attention from the finer pleasures of musical appreciation.

Yet many a rare experience is to be remembered from among the concerts of the last few weeks. Josef Hofmann returned, late in January, filling Carnegie Hall to the doors and astonishing his hearers with the unexpected delicacy and reserve of his tone. It would seem that he has reached a definite stage in his evolution as an artist. At first, surrounded with the haze of sensationalism which attaches to an infant prodigy, he cultivated the grand, the astonishing, the heroic on his instrument. Then, with growing maturity, he adapted his style accurately to the character of his music. Now he has apparently begun to assert his mature personality consistently in all that he does. He has followed a line of development which is in accord with the trend of pianistic fashion. His style is now built upon the beauty of the pianissimo tone, which he can manipulate with a magical delicacy recalling that of de Pachmann. He knows well the truth which Harold Bauer has done so much to teach us, that only in its softer registers has the piano a warm, expressive, and truly musical tone. Hence he puts into these softer registers all portions of his music which can possibly be assigned to them. Within this low scale he tints and shades, delineates and proportions his music with an accuracy which he could never attain otherwise. And when, out of his magical picture of shimmering colours and graceful lines, there emerges a moderate forte, it conveys, by contrast, more eloquence than the most lusty fortissimo could evoke. Since the passing of de Pachmann from musical life, Hofmann remains unrivalled, save by Paderewski, as a poet of the piano. It is an exquisite pleasure to listen to such an artist, to one with such evident refinement of control.

Leo Ornstein is a poet, too, albeit a minor one. In the use of those precious *fin de siècle* colours which are cultivated by Ravel, Debussy, and Albeniz, he has few rivals. But he is by no means playing "atmospheric" music exclusively. Having set himself loyally, two years ago, to the task of making himself an "all-round" pianist, he has studiously played the classics along with the modern works. But it is curious to watch him with Beethoven's music. He plays always conscientiously and sincerely, but only at odd moments does his rococo mind discover some bit which he can grasp and make his own. And what is his own, of course, is rarely Beethoven's. For Leo Ornstein delights in the sensation of the moment. He cannot respond to the calm classic ideal which delights in planning, conserving, building. His work with the classics has certainly broadened and matured him, as his recent recital showed. But it may be that his unique temperament should be allowed to remain unique and to devote itself solely to those curious byways of art in which few, even of the best, are able to excel him.

A YOUNG VIRTUOSO

The appetite for sensational débuts is pretty well nourished in the New York public this season. Hence it was an avid audience which gathered some weeks ago to listen to a concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra, at which Max Rosen, as soloist, was to begin his career with the violin in this country. Advance announcements had subtly conveyed the hint that he would prove a greater than Heifetz. For was he not a favorite pupil of Leopold Auer, and was not Auer the master of Heifetz? Moreover, was he not an American, though Roumanian in parentage, and was he not discovered as a prodigy half a dozen years ago in a basement in the New York Ghetto? There was a palpable appeal to local pride in the very touching (and quite true) story of his early struggles to master the violin, of the sacrifices of his friends who sent him to Europe to study, and of the delight which he gave to Auer at the first lesson. But New York feels little local pride; rather it cherishes a cosmopolitan complaisance. Though ever athirst for sensation, it is willing to judge music and musicians on their own merits.

New York came critically to listen to Rosen at this concert and at the solo recital of the following week. It found the boy an artist of rare talent, ardent emotions, and lively imagination. He is obviously one trained in the school of Auer, seeking first of all the just interpretation of the music through a pure and limpid tone. Yet New York saw clearly that he had not yet arrived at that easy technical mastery which makes the playing of Heifetz so marvellous. Some of the difficulties of his instrument, such as the execution of rapid "jumps" in the highest positions, he compasses with evident difficulty; others, such as accurate intonation in his double stopping, he sometimes compasses not at all. At his very best, Rosen gave to his hearers a rare delight such as only three or four other violinists in America could give. But the unevenness of his performance marks him as not yet a great artist. One feels sure that he possesses all the elements of mastership, technical and temperamental, but lacks the mature power to coordinate and control. An artist, like a wine, must mellow with age, and Rosen will need a little more time to acquire what he now lacks. It is true, indeed, that Heifetz, not yet out of his teens, is already in this sense mellowed. But that is precisely the most amazing thing of all about this amazing virtuoso.

THREE MODELS FROM FAIRYLAND

One of the gayest signs of spring is some rose geranium wool jersey that has blossomed into a small coat with grey jersey collar and cuffs and little strap belts with steel buckles

Her frock copies fashion points from her mother's; it's straight and scant, it combines blue crêpe de Chine with brick red wool velours, and it's embroidered in brick red wool

It's almost fun to go to school in a frock of French blue wool velours with a quaint trimming made from cords of the velours, bound round with narrow black satin ribbon

The YOUNGER GENERATION

She may feel correctly dressed, even at a formal jackstone gathering, in a dress of brown and white gingham over an underdress of tan chambray and with a wide pleated organdie collar

Of course, childhood is the happiest time of life; it's the time to wear a frock of white linen with stitching of old-blue, a black patent leather belt, and linen collar and cuffs

She's going to see her very best friend, but, being truly feminine, she rather hopes her friend will envy her new frock of rose and white checked gingham combined with plain rose gingham

THAT VERSATILE SQUARE *of* LINEN

(*Continued from page 40*)

from the windows of the houses. Soon there were six, then a dozen, and the number gave him courage, for they seemed to say: "Bon voyage to Saint Malo, with no mishap. Bon voyage, and come back if the country please you." And about it they made the well-known song—that song that all of us, father and son, sang so innocently in our childhood.

There should also be some instructive details about the handkerchief of the Grand Turk—an extremely delicate chapter which, by a simple chain of ideas, brings us back to the subject of gallantry. I ignored the important handkerchief at the time when I modeled myself after the cab-driver, and, to my cost, learned it only with advancing years. I was just out of college when I took it into my head to strive for the good-will of a very charming—and experienced—lady. Believe me, it was only after great persistency of effort that I succeeded in overcoming her scruples, but, one day when I was importuning her with an insistence which it would be embarrassing to describe here, the adorable creature dropped her handkerchief at my feet. This took place in the drawing-room, where she was chatting with several people.

"Madame," I cried, stupidly, "you have dropped something!"

Every one turned at these words, and, quick as a flash, the lady of my thoughts herself picked up the article in question. Then I realized that the handkerchief concealed a little square note, and cursed my stupidity. She observed me, mocking.

"It is not that you altogether displease me," she seemed to say, "but, really, you know so little and nothing can cause so much embarrassment as a callow youth!"

So little by little I learned to understand all that a handkerchief in the hands of a pretty woman might be made to imply—a mysterious language, full of subtle under-meanings. I could interpret the significance of the handkerchief with which she fans herself negligently, with which she veils the eyes in turning away her head, or which she rends to simulate a violent vexation! And, last of all, I learned what tender memories of other days a handkerchief might awaken!

A certain cousin of mine, an old beau on the down-hill side of life, had in his possession a trunk full of handkerchiefs—mute witnesses to his success as a young man. He jealously preserved them, together with bundles of billets-doux, faded bouquets, and gloves, the perfume of which revived the triumphs of his younger days. But the handkerchiefs dominated this sacred collection by their number and their diversity. There were round ones, and square ones, and triangular ones; some embroidered with coloured monograms, others ornamented with a pale thread of pink or blue.

"This one," he would say, showing me his treasures, "this was the handkerchief of Madame de Sandoval. Ah! my friend, what an incomparable woman! What charm, what allurement! This one, now, belonged to the little Baroness de Très-moutarde, a little madcap, but so coquettish, so gracious, so full of wit!" And my cousin would sigh dolorously.

Then he would turn from these souvenirs, so dear to his heart, to examine his own personal riches—by which I mean his handkerchiefs. For this man had a passion for beautiful linen, and collected specimens of it for his own particular use, as other people collect medallions or porcelain. He had his principles, too.

"No silk," he would say to me, "don't talk to me of silk for a man. Handkerchiefs must be of the finest linen or of batiste. Above all, no bargaining, no superfluous economy. Pay boldly, without haggling or reckoning."

I will add that my cousin died completely ruined, and, as his only legacy, left me his handkerchiefs. They were very beautiful, and did me honour until, all of a sudden—I think it must have been about the first of August, 1914—I exchanged my batiste handkerchief for an immense one of heavy cotton, checkered in yellow and red. Bon Dieu! What hasn't that poor handkerchief done! It has been my necktie, my table napkin, my towel. It is fortunate that it is very strong, for it has had to serve for every sort of emergency. One day I found myself stretched out on my back in a field, with something or other in my leg. It bled a lot, and once again I used my old red and yellow checkered handkerchief. That was the last service that it rendered me. But I am keeping it, keeping it carefully among my souvenirs. It is the handkerchief of a soldier.

PATRIOTISM AND PALM BEACH

(*Continued from page 47*)

Mrs. Thomas Tipton Reese, of Palm Beach. The workers, in their white gowns and the Red Cross caps, make an industrious array, for every one is eager to help.

The receipts of the great ball on Washington's Birthday at the Royal Poinciana and of the Charity Ball on February 28, a costume affair, are to be given to the Red Cross. The American Ambulance Association is another popular Palm Beach charity. Whether or not the annual motion pictures of Palm Beach society will be given, remains to be seen. The season is yet young; March will bring the smartest set here, to decide this and other questions. The annual tennis tournament will be given this month for the Red Cross, and many other smaller affairs are being planned.

SOCIETY AND WHAT IT WEARS

Among the society folk who are found here as usual, are Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, of Philadelphia; Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Joseph Widener, Mr. and Mrs. Harry McVickar, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Richard Mortimer, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Earle Stevens, Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Delafield, Mrs. Frederick Neilson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McKean, Mrs. Henry Darlington, Mrs. Howard H. Spaulding, of Chicago, and Mrs. George Willing, of Philadelphia.

As to the fashions this season, the utmost simplicity is observed in daytime apparel. Many women have fewer new dinner frocks than usual, but the few that appear are decidedly handsome. The gingham gowns of last year can hardly be said to continue their popularity, for the reason that they became so very dear that they were practically outlawed; even women who did not have to count the cost preferred to wear frocks of handsomer materials. But the simple batiste and handkerchief linen frocks, exquisitely made by hand, and the hand-made blouses with filet lace, which no one seems to have improved upon, are always to the fore; and there are more foulards than ever, perhaps because of the cool weather of the early season.

DAYTIME CLOTHES

It should be noted that, in spite of the numbers of batiste, handkerchief linen, and foulard frocks worn, the decided tendency, noted last year, towards sports clothes for wear all the day through, has never been more strongly emphasized than it is this season. Plaid skirts of every rainbow hue are seen, worn with smart little Eton jackets. These jackets have a couple of long ends, tied behind in a perky bow, a fashion which is very new and very becoming to youthful figures. There are coats of silk duvetyn, with and without sleeves, and there are new sleeveless coats of silk serge and heavy shantung or pongee and even of Roshanara crêpe. These materials have replaced the velveteen which was used early in the season for the sleeveless coats which are interchangeably worn with sweaters. The sweater absolutely refused to die. If there are colours more popular than others, when all are so popular, jade green and robin's egg blue must be said to be the favoured ones. Stripes are no more, but polka dots are in high favour, following on the heels of plaid. Plaid wool vicuna is in the highest favour. There are many simple gowns of Georgette crêpe and chiffon, cunningly draped, but guiltless of lace or any other trimming except soft folds of the crêpe or chiffon in some contrasting colour or creamy white.

Trench coats are the rage for wear on excursions to the House Boat or for motoring to Miami, and coats in lighter weight in shantung, pongee, duvetyn, and cloth vie in popularity with the many charming and graceful capes and cape-coats, of which one sees more and more. One navy blue tricotine cape had a lining consisting of three bands of red, white, and blue satin, starting at the collar in the order named; this was most effective when the breeze blew back the flowing folds of the cape, outwardly so demure.

Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt has skirts in sports satin and skirts in wool, in black and white or grey and white checks and in broken plaids, which she wears with a black sweater, the collar and cuffs of which are of white Angora. Miss Ruth Norton, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, who is one of the prettiest girls at Palm Beach, has a very smart sports skirt of wool plaid in dove grey and yellow with a thread of jade green; this she wears with a sweater of jade green and a grey hat banded with green and yellow ribbon. She also wears skirts of white cloth, severely plain, with a tam o'shanter to match and a white frilled blouse under her severe black sweater. Skirts with tams to match are being favoured by the young girls; Miss Virginia Sullivan, of Chicago, is another exponent of this style. One girl was seen on the beach with a skirt of old-rose homespun and a saucy tam to match, which was of knitted wool, as homespun is too wiry to lend itself to a graceful cap.

A bicycle costume consisted of a skirt of black and white wool, with half-inch checks made by crossed lines of black. The belt, which matched the skirt, was worn outside the black sweater. A saucy black straw hat completed this trig costume, suitable for the cool days of early January. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has had sports skirts made by her tailor, in a variety of colours, from various gay chintzes. Mrs. Joseph Widener always has very distinctive sports skirts smartly developed in plaid wool.

A ONE-BUTTON SKIRT

One of the fads that are offered this season is the new box skirt. The skirt is three yards in width and thirty-six inches in depth and consists of a straight piece of cloth or silk serge. To a button, firmly sewed to the corset, a corresponding buttonhole at the top right-hand corner of the skirt is buttoned. This skirt is then wound around the figure like an Indian nautch-girl's scarf and tucked in at the top, with the folds hanging gracefully down one side,—a very trying style which none but the woman possessed of an exceedingly slender figure will dare to try. Then there are always those who wear the most severely tailored skirts of butcher's linen in the morning, with fine hand-made blouses and a sweater; it is a style that may always be relied upon.

PATRIOTIC FABRICS *and the* MODES

(*Continued from page 36*)

The tree at the lower right in this drawing is of sheer white silk crêpe patterned with an old-rose dot; $2.50 a yard.

SPRING AND SUMMER FABRICS

Sheer printed chiffons and crêpes and printed foulards are the most conspicuous novelties of the spring. They are used in some of the loveliest of the new gowns, sometimes in combinations with plain material and sometimes alone. The foulards, for instance, are combined with serge and with plain Georgette crêpe, and the printed chiffons are sometimes used in combinations with taffeta, which, while not as smart as satin for spring, will still appear in some of the most attractive frocks. At the extreme left in the sketch at the top of page 36 is pictured a charming white chiffon-like fabric called Pierrette crêpe; it has a small design in navy blue. This would make a delightful summer frock. Next to it is shown a length of taupe grey Moon Glo with light grey dots and dull mahogany toned lines; the material is very similar to foulard. Over the lady's left arm is a drapery of Hindu crêpe, a new material which is in a manner allied to foulard, although its surface is distinctly that of a crêpe. This is white with a deep blue design. In the sketches at the bottom of page 36, some materials from the spring importations of B. Altman and Company are represented. The darker one in the sketch at the right is a black chiffon with a design in white artificial silk. The silk is worked on lightly and the fact that it has a greyish instead of a dead white appearance adds to its attractiveness. Above that is shown a lovely Japanese crêpe in a warm shade of taupe, with fine lines of dull blue and green and rose scrolling over its surface. The materials at the bottom and the top of the sketch at the left on that page are printed chiffons. The one below is navy blue with an Egyptian design in white. Blue, also, is the one above, with an orange brown design lightly patterned on its surface. In the middle is shown a new waistcoat material of French manufacture. It is a lovely old-blue worked with black-centred dots of gold. Many new waistcoatings are making their appearance in the importations, but the latest word upon this subject is the waistcoat of hand-blocked chamois. An enterprising Fifth Avenue shop is already at work upon the printing of skins of this kind, soon to be on sale.

Gillies

THE APPROACH TO A COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Flagstone sunk in the grass . . . a profusion of bloom on either side the path . . . a terrace by the door. This is the approach. The house lies low on the ground—a shingle house with broad overhanging eaves, touched with the color of wrought iron and green painted pierced shutters and ivy swept boxes. It is the residence of C. C. Houck, Esq., New Rochelle, N. Y. Patterson & Dula, architects

WHAT THEY READ

THE DEFENDERS OF DEMOCRACY, edited by the MILITIA OF MERCY and dedicated to "Our Sailors, Soldiers, and Nurses," consists of a collection of articles and illustrations by notable authors, public men, and artists of the allied countries and is destined for sale for the benefit of the dependent families of American volunteer sailors. Many names famous in the arts or in war appear in this volume, which is of exceptional interest among books of its special class. It is a large volume, well printed and well bound, and, while not confined to war subjects, its many articles, stories, and verses deal vividly and freshly with many of the varied phases of a world at war. Though mainly concerned with war, the theme of the book, however, is not the tragedy of war, but its fine heroism, its magnificence of courage under suffering, and even something of the inevitable humour which the unheard-of conditions of the present war develops in the countries involved. To this latter class belongs "Poetic Justice," by Stephen McKenna, an English writer, who develops amusing complications from a situation involving a supposedly "impractical" poet, his worldly wise friends of ready offers and unready assistance, and a Cabinet committee which requisitions the poet's lodgings. James W. Beck contributes a glowing (and just) "Tribute to England," and Arthur G. Empey tells a spirited story of a dog mascot among the soldiers. Anatole France is among those who speak for France, and Stephane Lanzanne is represented by a brief sketch of notably fine inspiration, "La Prière du Poilu." Viscount Ishii speaks for Japan in "Japan's Ideals and Her Part in the Struggle"; Gabriele d'Annunzio appears in the Italian section with a tribute in verse to General Cadorna. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Galsworthy, William Dean Howells, Theodore Roosevelt, and Émile Cammaerts are among other notable literary contributors, and the list of artists includes Sargent, Pennell, Childe Hassam, Sterner, Gibson, Guérin, William de Leftwich Dodge, and many other well-known men. Photographs of men prominent in war work of every sort include General Joffre, General Pershing, President Wilson, and the Right Honourable Arthur James Balfour. Taken as a whole, this volume makes in itself a book of exceptional interest, not only as a report of current events, but as a collection which will be of great interest in the happy days when this war shall be but a memory while the special purpose of its publication gives it an even higher claim to the interest of the community. (New York: John Lane Company; $2.50 net.)

Courtesy of John Lane Company

Marshal Joffre and General Pershing are among the heroes of this war commemorated in "The Defenders of Democracy"

THE OLD FRONT LINE, by JOHN MASEFIELD, who did for the terrible Gallipoli campaign what he now attempts for the battle of the Somme, is a poet-soldier's account, sometimes moving, sometimes picturesque, sometimes almost militarily close and dry, of the long trench-waiting, the terrific bombardment, and the strained watchfulness which preceded the British triumph in the battle that began in July of 1916. Mr. Masefield describes at first the communications leading to the British front, long held at such disadvantage within a stone's throw in some places of the better situated German line, then the aspect of the line that gives title to the volume, the dismal horrors of No Man's Land, and the tremendous preparations that led up to the British attack and the long bombardment which so puzzled and scared the Germans, so deafened and nerve-wracked them until they were unable to give effective reply or show effective resistance to the bombardment or the British advance. Mr. Masefield does not take much space for incidents or allow himself many descriptive digressions. He often goes back to his sea service for words to convey his meaning. Characteristically British was the refusal of the old first line to shoot a woman who appeared in the open above the near German trench opposite, walked calmly along for many yards, and then hopped down to cover. Camouflage, suspected some of those who withheld their fire, but the woman was found among the dead in the German trench. Mr. Masefield's illustrations mostly picture the abomination of desolation, though it must in justice be said that there are a few more cheerful and spirited scenes than these, displayed elsewhere in the book. (New York: The Macmillan Company; $1 net.)

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 51*)

ence, he used to go down on his knees, and—with his face suffused by smiles or bathed in tears—he used to launch the sort of language that was obviously needed to suit the mood of the occasion. After the evening was over, this eloquent old man, whose very name I have forgotten now, would wander about behind the scenes, where the congregated puppets were dangled upon hooks like so many carcasses in the window of a butcher's shop, and pat them with affection, and say, as if in confidence, "Next Thursday this fellow will have to kill himself" or "To-morrow night this gentleman is destined to be married to this lady."

TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES

Nobody who has really loved the puppet-theatre in his youth can ever quite forget this affection in his later years; and the present writer is ready to confess with frankness a pre-established disposition to favour any theatre of marionettes. This feeling was accentuated, almost tragically, ten or fifteen years ago, when the Italian puppet-theatres in New York were driven out of business by the advent of the five-cent moving-picture play. The old address in Spring Street was changed, between two winkings of the eye, from a temple of delight where one might muse upon Orlando and the magic blowing of his horn, to a place of commerce where one could only be informed, through the medium of the flittering screen, of the perpetual desire of rich bankers to seduce impoverished stenographers. The present writer—fifteen years ago—stood once upon the curb of Spring Street, in the very midst of a midwinter snow-storm, and figuratively wept at that passing change of fashion which had annihilated a living theatre of marionettes and substituted, at the same address, lifeless moving-pictures.

Some months before the current war was launched against the other-minded world by the efficient Germans, the present writer published in the pages of this magazine a passing article in praise of the puppet-theatre of Munich. Until the outset of 1914, the finest development of the puppet-stage that had taken place in any country was achieved in the celebrated theatre of marionettes in the Ausstellungs-park in Munich. The enterprising Germans had easily surpassed the traditional Italians in this minor department of artistic activity; and, in 1913, the German puppet-theatre was undeniably the finest in the world.

But the pre-eminence of the Munich theatre of marionettes was disestablished, a month or two ago, by the exhibition of Tony Sarg's Marionettes at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. The success of this initial exhibition was so emphatic that the "show" was soon promoted to the region of Broadway, where now it may be seen at the new Norworth Theatre, for a series of special matinées.

The puppet-theatre that has been invented and developed by Mr. Tony Sarg is unique in the annals of the world. This American artist has expressed more, through the medium of his manikins, than any of his many predecessors. The technical capacity of the inspired dolls of Tony Sarg is unsurpassed and, according to all due prediction, unsurpassable. Their bodily gyrations equal easily the acrobatic antics of any human athletes; and their vocal expression is rendered adequately by a congregation of professional actors.

Each of the three plays disclosed in the course of Tony Sarg's initial programme was especially praiseworthy because of its adherence to the atmosphere of make-believe that is most to be desired in a theatre of marionettes. "The Three Wishes" was adapted from an ancient puppet-play by F. Pocci; and "The Green Suit" and "A Stolen Beauty and the Great Jewel," both of which were written by Hamilton Williamson, were deftly suited to the mood of the occasion. The agile prowess of the animated dolls afforded ample evidence of the activity of half a dozen puppeteers, whose names were duly noted on the programme; but the artistry impressed upon the gathered public by the scenery, the lighting, the narrative invention, and the harmonizing sense of mise en scène, must be registered to the account of Mr. Tony Sarg. His puppet-theatre has added to the joy of living; and nothing can do more than that, in these days when it is the duty of so many men to die.

"LES FRÈRES KARAMAZOV"

The superlative acting of the company of "Le Vieux Colombier" is shown at its very summit in the presentation of "Les Frères Karamazov," a piece which has been dramatized from the noted novel of Fiodor Mikhailovitch Dostoievski by Jacques Copeau and Jean Croué. Like all plays that have been written by Russian dramatists, or adapted from the work of Russian novelists, "Les Frères Karamazov" is formless and floundering in pattern; but the piece produces, none the less, upon the mind of any willing and unprejudiced spectator, an effect that may most easily be indicated by quoting a noted sentence by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones which describes "the crowded and varied bustle of Shakespeare, the busy hum that comes from his universal workshop, the drums and tramplings of his hundred legions, the long resounding march of assembled humanity as it troops across his boards."

"Les Frères Karamazov," by Jacques Copeau and Jean Croué, is a play with several frayed edges that indicate the incompletion of a pattern; but, in intention and in content, it is a play which is worthy, in its underlying and basical immensity, of the limitless imagination of Fiodor Dostoievski. From the technical point of view, it may be regarded as a faulty work of art; but, on the other hand, no spectator would be willing to deny that it reproduces "the crowded and varied bustle of Shakespeare, the busy hum that comes from his universal workshop."

The acting of "Les Frères Karamazov" exceeds the current terms of praise and sets the company of "Le Vieux Colombier" in the very highest rank. In the performance of this play, the contributions of the following artists could not possibly be bettered, in any theatre that is now existent in the world:—Jacques Copeau, Louis Jouvet, Robert Bogaert, François Gournac, and Jean Sarment. The tremendous art of these associated actors produced a manifest impression, remarkable because conceded by the tardily appreciative public of New York.

woman so unconscious of her position as "the observed of all observers." Yet another unexpected side of the art of this painter of the ballet appears in the portrait group of friends of the artist.

The familiar Degas was presented in this collection by the "Danseuse Verte," the "Scène de Ballet," and other paintings and pastels of the stage; and there were also a few landscapes.

DECORATIVE PAINTINGS

January saw the opening of the new galleries of Gimpel and Wildenstein with a joint exhibition of decorative paintings and portraits by Caro-Delvaille and of medals and relief portraits by Spicer-Simson, the medalist. Spanish by temperament, French by culture, and obviously influenced by the art of the Italian Renaissance and of the East, Caro-Delvaille has developed an individual and modern art of his own, in which the dominant quality is the fine sense of decorative values in composition, colour, and spirit. In portraits, his aim has been not alone to portray personality, but to build about the personality a picture of decorative value which, aside from its portrait representation, should be a lasting work of art. These portrait ventures, however, are not unqualified successes; for the most part, there is in them a feeling of restraint, a certain stiffness which is lacking in the decorative painting and in his freer self-portrait.

PAINTERS OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

The first two of a series of exhibitions of the work of painters of American Indian life were held during January, at the Babcock gallery, showing the work first of Couse and later of Leigh. While many painters have of late turned to the beauty of the colourful Southwest for their inspiration, these two men may fairly be ranked among the pioneers in painting the interest of that vast region and interpreting something of the thought and life of the American Indian. If we were to judge from these two exhibitions alone, it would seem that to Couse the Indian himself is the great interest, for in his canvases we see the Indian close at hand, occupied by his pursuits which form part of Indian tradition, fishing in his clear blue pool, hunting from behind the forest trees; while Leigh, apparently, sees the Indian as part of a vast region —a land of endless distance, and brilliant colour — and as a figure of romance. These qualities are clear in the painting

ART

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Degas, in the unfamiliar rôle of portrait painter, presents interesting character studies of a group of his friends

George Luks, who finds his inspiration in New York and its varied types, has made a brilliant and effective canvas of war knitters and perambulators in the park

of the Sioux brave who, having donned the war bonnet to which he has not yet earned a title—looks off across the valley for some deed of adventure and bravery by which to "win his spurs." In both cases, the canvases are the result of years of intimate knowledge of, and companionship with, the Indians.

PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN

Child portraits, etched with sympathy and versatility, by Mathilde de Cordoba, recently formed a delightful exhibition at the Hahlo gallery. Although the portrait of the Dowager Lady Coldhurst, which so unmistakably shows the artist's joy in the etching, and her sympathy with her subject, and the portraits of Lady Gatty, and of John Burroughs, form notable exceptions, the pastels and the etchings are for the most part of children. This is a field in which Miss de Cordoba's quick sympathy and skilled handling of the needle have won for her a lasting place. There is little that can surpass the delicacy of handling or of colour in that bit of infancy depicted in "The Nursing Bottle," which is in such marked contrast to the decorative "L'Enfant aux Raisins." There is perhaps nothing which shows better her skill in dry point than the little profile, "Girl with the Rabbit," and her understanding of child psychology is proved by the lovable "Volunteer." These later etchings show increased freedom in handling, and a marked advance in that "art of leaving out," of which Whistler was the past master.

It is to work of this sort that we owe what sympathetic understanding we have of the lives of those first inhabitants of our country. The lifeless statistics of history convey very little to us, and even the hundreds of animated historical novels and "Indian stories" that have flooded our libraries in the past generation have done little to give us an understanding of the impressive loneliness of the red man. It is these bright-coloured canvases that have the human touch that makes things vital; they are the dramatic records of the simple happenings in the lives of a now decadent race, and their very brilliance has an underlying note of tragedy. Perhaps it is this tragic note that attracts us to those paintings in the first place; it is not that they evoke the reminiscences of past glory, but that they impress us with the fact that the time is not far off when there will be no survivors of the race that once was the emblem of strength and virility.

The WORLD *and* PARIS GROW SIMPLER

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toilettes come to an end as the curtain rises on the decorations of Coromandel.

At the Théâtre Michel, Poiret is showing us some wonderful fantasies in costumes of the period of Judith. The grouping of costumes, the hangings, the settings, the lighting, — everything is blended into a wonderfully composed spectacle. The tent of Holofernes, in black and gold with its circles of hieroglyphs, harmonizes with the gold-embroidered black coats of the officers and with the magical apparition of Cléo de Mérode, so lovely in her gandoura of black velvet, sparkling with rhinestones. The striking coiffure copied from Egyptian sculpture and worn here on all the feminine heads, might easily be an indication of our next evening coiffure. One rarely sees a mode more becoming than this is to so many varied types, and rarely do we have a costume inspiration from Judea or Assyria.

INSPIRATION FROM JUDEA

It seems as if the playwrights, this year, were determined to force the manners and customs of Judea upon us, for Messieurs Mouëzy-Eon and Gandéra also take us to the country of Abraham in their fantastic operetta, "La Petite Bonne d'Abraham," given at the Théâtre Edouard-VII. The three acts would be entirely charming if it were not for a certain triviality which crops out to mar even the fine speeches which Mlle. Marguerite Deval so intelligently delivers.

"THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR"

At the Théâtre Réjane they are presenting an adaptation of the American success, "The Thirteenth Chair," by Bayard Veiller. Mlle. Dorziat, well remembered in America for her appearances with Faversham in "The Hawk," made the translation, which has been impatiently awaited by all Paris. We all knew Mlle. Dorziat's qualities as an actress, but we did not know of her ability as an author. On the evening of the dress rehearsal, I saw her in her box at the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin. She was then rather anxious about the result, but by this time she must be reassured by the success of the production. Later on, I went to see her at her home, where she had just returned after playing in Lucien Guitry's "Le Grandpère." She was wrapped in a great mantle of black cloth, with a very becoming collar of the First Empire. With her floating veil and her large black toque, pulled down over her eyes, she was a true Parisienne and an exponent of the ideas of Doucet.

While telling me of her emotions as an author and of her joy at having the great Réjane as principal interpreter, she was trying on the new costume from Doucet which is reproduced on page 42, at the upper left. The while she shows how she wants the armhole of her gown enlarged, Mlle. Dorziat, animated, smiling, and tireless in spite of all her work, gives me the first news of a pet project of hers. This is nothing less than the establishment of an English theatre in Paris, where all the modern and classic English and American plays may be given; for she speaks English admirably.

"I will play there myself," she says, "and perhaps we shall see fewer soldiers of our Allies wandering forlornly from one silly music-hall to another, in search of something they can understand."

"The Thirteenth Chair" has had a great "success of curiosity"; people are inclined to think that the play is too long for the plot, but the interest is marvellously sustained by the great Réjane who is thinner than when she played "Ma Cousine" at the Variétés, and by Mona Délza, who looks lovely in frocks by Lucile. The subtle couturière dresses her exquisitively in pink chiffon and silver, with little wreaths of roses. Madame Marguerite Carron and Mlle. Carèze are delightfully gowned by Doucet.

Paul Géraldy's emotional play, "Les Noces d'Argent," presented last year at the Comédie Française, has been translated into Italian and is now playing in Italy in the principal cities, where it has obtained an enormous success. Monsieur Géraldy is the author of "La Guerre, Madame" and "Toi et Moi," a book of love poems which has been the great literary success of the four years of the war. In this connection, it is interesting to remember that Vogue and Vanity Fair published translations of these two books, thus helping to introduce this writer to the American public.

J. R. F.

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